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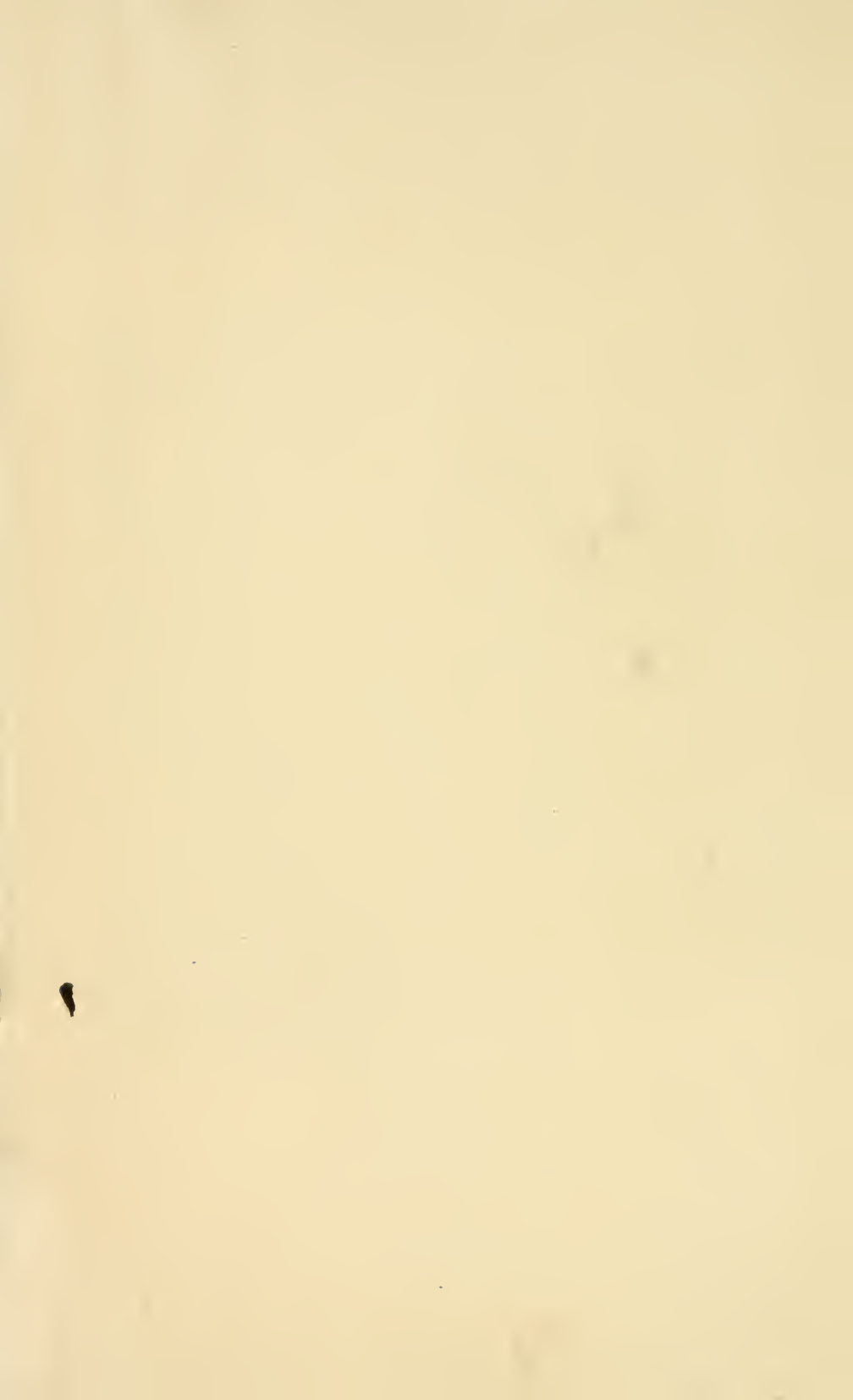
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RECEPTION TO THE MEMBERS
OF THE
NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT,
ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS,
AT THE RESIDENCE OF THEIR OLD
COMMANDER,
GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH
ON THE
TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF
PEACH TREE CREEK, GEORGIA.

JULY 20, 1893.

CHICAGO:
KNIGHT, LEONARD & Co., PRINTERS.
1893.





RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN C. SMITH, 65 SIBLEY ST., CHICAGO.

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1893.

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GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH.

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“ A WELCOME HOME.”

Rest! soldier, rest! Not now the trumpet pealing,
Rousing to arms, shall thrill the patriot breast;
For white-robed Peace shall now awhile enfold thee:
Rest! soldier, rest!

Rest! soldier, rest! The joyous cannon hail thee:
The singing trumpets' silvery tones attest
That all bid the war-tried patriot welcome:
Rest! soldier, rest!

Not now the drenching rain, the weary marching;
No fierce besiegers now thy valor test:
No bursting shells—guerrilla raids at midnight;
Rest! soldier, rest!

Not here the flashing of the foeman's sabre;
Not here the wide ranks kneel to Death's behest:
Naught but the glance of bright eyes kindly beaming;
Rest! soldier, rest!

Not here the whistling of the leaden death-shots—
'Tis but the oriole singing o'er her nest;
The waving tree-tops whispering peace and quiet:
Rest! soldier, rest!

See you fair wife, a white-armed welcome waving!
No longer now by deadly fear opprest:
What heavenly music is that dear voice saying?
Rest! soldier, rest!

A mother's kisses greet her first-born darling:
O joy! how closely heart to heart is prest;
In home, sweet home, she bids the weary wanderer
Rest! soldier, rest!

Not all who answered to Columbia, calling
On her brave sons from North, and East, and West,
Can answer now—their voices hushed forever;
Rest! soldier, rest!

Loud let the bugle swell the note of triumph!
Sound, trumpets! praise our bravest and our best!
Thousands of voices bid each hero welcome:
Rest! soldier, rest!”

HEADQUARTERS

SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, 4TH A. C.
96TH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLS.

HOURS OF RECEPTION:

Assembly, 6 P. M.

Retreat, 10 P. M.

Lights Out—when you
get home.

COMRADES :

Few are the years which remain for you and your old Commander before we must take our place on "Fame's eternal camping ground." It therefore becomes us to improve the time that we may enjoy the society of our comrades, who, in the terrible ordeal of battle, amid the zip of bullets and the fierce shriek of shell, stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the defense of our common country and beneath its starry flag.

The next decade will find our ranks decimated, our comrades gone and few remaining to tell the story of "how fields were lost and won."

That each of you may enjoy another happy Reunion with your old Commander, he and his wife, the "mother of the regiment," request your acceptance of a soldier's hospitalities at their home, 65 Sibley street, Chicago, the evening of Thursday, July 20, 1893, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek.

We especially desire that each surviving comrade be present and aid in giving a royal welcome to one you all love, to one who shared with you the hardships of the march and dangers of the battlefield.

COMRADE COLONEL GEORGE HICKS,

whose home is now in the West Indies, but who will be present on that occasion.

Come, bring your "best girl" with you, and do not fail to advise us of your intention, that the Commissary may make proper requisition for rations.

Faithfully yours,

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH.



"Making Requisition!"

RECEPTION

TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE

Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, in which the Ninety-sixth Regiment bore a prominent part, was celebrated by the officers and soldiers of that command at the residence of their old commander, General John C. Smith, July 20, 1893, at which time a reception was given to Colonel George Hicks, of the same regiment, whose home is now on the Island of Jamaica, West Indies. This is what the newspapers said of the coming event and how the "boys" were to celebrate the day :

REUNION OF THE NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

No man remembers his old soldier comrades with more warmth and affection than General John C. Smith. With their accustomed hospitality, General Smith and his wife, who was the mother of the regiment, have arranged for a pleasant reunion of the comrades of the Ninety-sixth Regiment with their old commander at their home, 65 Sibley street, Chicago, on the evening of Thursday, July 20, 1893, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek. It will be an occasion of rare interest to the survivors of this gallant old regiment. —*Galena Gazette.*

COLONEL GEORGE HICKS.

HE WILL MEET OLD COMRADES OF THE NINETY-SIXTH IN CHICAGO,
JULY 20.

General John C. Smith, of Chicago, was in the city over Sunday, and his daughter, Miss Ruth A. Smith, who had been here a week, returned home with him this morning. General and Mrs. Smith have issued invitations to all old soldiers of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, to attend a reunion to be held at their home, 65 Sibley street, Chicago, on Thursday, July 20, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek. All of the veterans of that regiment who can get away are planning to attend.

On that occasion they will have the pleasure of meeting their old Commander, Colonel George Hicks, of Jamaica, who is now in Chicago, a guest at General Smith's home, having arrived there Saturday. Prior to the war Colonel Hicks was associate editor of the *GALENA GAZETTE*. He enlisted in Co. A of the Ninety-sixth, and when General Smith was made Brigadier-General he became commander of the regiment. After the war he went to the West Indies and he is now Inspector of Schools of the Island of Jamaica, a government position with life tenure. While Colonel Hicks hopes to meet all his old comrades in Chicago, he will visit Galena while in the country. His sister, Mrs. Marie A. Oughton, who left Galena forty years ago to go to the Indies as a missionary, is also now in the United States, accompanied by her husband. They are making a stay of two weeks at the sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., after which they will visit General and Mrs. Smith in Chicago.—*Galena Gazette*.

NINETY-SIXTH REUNION.

General and Mrs. J. C. Smith (Mrs. Smith was called the "mother of the regiment") have extended an invitation to the survivors of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, to a soldier's hospitalities at their home, 65 Sibley street, Chicago, from 6 to 10 p. m., Thursday, July 20, 1893. Colonel George Hicks, Colonel of the Regiment, now a resident of the West Indies, will be present. In the invitation General Smith says: "Few are the years which remain for

you and your old Commander before we must take our place on 'Fame's eternal camping ground.' It therefore becomes us to improve the time that we may enjoy the society of our comrades, who, in the terrible ordeal of battle, amid the zip of bullets and the fierce shriek of shell, stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the defense of our common country and beneath its starry flag. The next decade will find our ranks decimated, our comrades gone, and few remaining to tell the story of how fields were lost and won." July 20 will be the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, in which the Ninety-sixth participated, and the General in closing says: "Come, bring your 'best girl' with you and do not fail to advise us of your intention, that the 'commissary' may make proper requisition for rations." Following the signature of General and Mrs. Smith on the invitation is a picture of a game rooster on a double-quick, which is suggestive of the commissary either in the coming July or the July before the Peach Tree Creek fight—probably both.—*Warren Sentinel*.

A UNIQUE INVITATION.

The survivors of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, have received from their old commander, General John C. Smith, the unique invitation which from its novelty we reprint below. The regiment was made up from Lake and Jo Daviess counties, and many men now prominent in Lake county affairs belonged to it. For their old commander and his wife, who was also much of the time during the war at the front with her husband, they appear to bear the deepest respect, and it is fully returned.—*Lake County Patriot*.

General and Mrs. John C. Smith have invited the survivors of his old command, the Ninety-sixth Regiment, to a reunion at their home in Chicago, on July 20.—*Waukegan Gazette*.

Gen. John C. Smith, of Chicago, who has ever kept in touch with his comrades of the war, invites all of his old command to a general reunion at his house, 65 Sibley street, on the evening of July 20, to meet Col. George Hicks, of the Ninety-sixth Illinois Infantry, who has long resided in Jamaica, West Indies, where he is Superintendent of Public Instruction. We shall be there.—*Freeport Journal*.

And this is what the press said on the next morning, July 21, and how the "boys" did celebrate:

COMRADES WERE THEY.

VETERANS OF THE NINETY-SIXTH — SURVIVORS OF THE GALLANT
OLD REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS GREET THEIR
COLONEL, GEORGE HICKS, AT GENERAL JOHN
C. SMITH'S HOSPITABLE HOME.

With the hearty grip that only an old soldier gives when he meets his former comrades of the battlefield, Colonel George Hicks last night greeted those who had fought side by side with him during the civil war. Something more than a mere grip of hands was the old soldier's greeting as his comrades crowded around him at the reunion of the surviving members of the Ninety-sixth Regiment of Illinois Infantry Volunteers. It was fraught with memories of that terrible battle at Peach Tree Creek, which took place exactly twenty-nine years ago. Where else but at the home of General J. C. Smith, 65 Sibley street, could such a reunion be held last night? It was at the General's call that the gallant men of the Ninety-sixth fought their way to victory many a time during the heat and strife of the civil war. And it was General Smith who arranged the reunion on the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, in honor of Colonel Hicks, for the latter was in command of the Illinois regiment on that day, and rode in the van to victory.

General and Mrs. Smith had issued a call to the old boys of the regiment to come to their house to honor Colonel Hicks. They came from such distant points as Maine and Oregon, North Dakota, and the West Indies. Some were seared by the indelible marks of strife, others wrinkled by time, but their greeting was the more hearty as they grasped their old Colonel's hand. Many of them remembered the day when the regiment was disbanded, and each man turned his own way to follow a peaceful vocation. At that time Colonel Hicks was broken down in health, the result of exposure and privations during the war. He addressed his comrades in weak and trembling accents as he bade them farewell. Then he went to Jamaica for his health's sake and finally recovered. While in Jamaica he was appointed inspector of

schools, and he still holds this position. He returned to Chicago in this capacity in order to attend the congress of education to be held at the Art Institute next week. He is one of the vice-presidents of the congress, and is considered a great authority on educational matters. General Smith took advantage of his presence in Chicago and arranged last night's reception for him.

RECALLING PLEASURE, FORGETTING PAIN.

Previous to his enlistment, Colonel Hicks was superintendent of schools in Jo Daviess county, and it was owing to his knowledge in this particular line that he received the appointment in Jamaica. The old teacher and soldier has also been a journalist. Before the war he learned how to set type, and shortly after he had mastered the printer's trade he became one of the editors of the *Galena Gazette*. Around him last night gathered the boys of the old regiment, and many were the stories retold of nights around the camp-fires and scenes on the battle-field. One sturdy veteran pushed his way through the group and held out his left hand to the Colonel. His right sleeve was empty; he had left the arm at Chickamauga.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am Corporal Robinson. Don't you remember how we stole the beans and turkey?"

The Colonel remembered, and shook the hand of his comrade silently. There was a tear behind the smile on both men's faces. One of the liveliest veterans there was H. P. Barnum, who declared he was the only man who turned the other cheek to the enemy after being struck on one side of the face. He had been shot twice through the cheeks, once at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain and once at Chickamauga. There was Dr. Moses Evans, who had bandaged the wounds of the boys. General Miles and General Atkins were there to do honor to Colonel Hicks.

GUESTS OF THE EVENING.

Among those present were:

Messrs. and Mesdames—

Walter W. Hastings,	J. H. Linklater,	J. O. Blodgett,
W. J. Neal,	B. Serviss,	J. A. Beck,
H. R. Buser,	J. Grabham,	S. H. Bayne,
R. C. Cullen,	R. S. Thain,	J. M. Douglas,
George Teale,	H. H. Gage,	W. F. Taylor,
Edward Murray,	J. W. Besley,	W. M. Perry,
O. C. Whitney,	Edwin Drury,	E. C. Carpenter,
G. H. Foote,	C. A. Partridge,	

Madame—

General J. A. Maltby.

Misses—

Clara Smith,	Clarke,	Hill,
Hawkins,	Katie Hastings,	Rose A. Cook,
Dombksi,		

Messrs.—

James Hicks,	Moses Evans,	H. H. Kohlsaatt,
H. W. Goding,	W. L. Gayetty,	Peter Davison,
A. Dickinson,	J. C. Smith,	H. Dombksi,
E. A. Blodgett,	Oscar Kellon,	C. T. Dickson,
Jerry Savage,	M. A. Bryant,	Joseph Savage,
I. Butterfield,	O. E. Whitcomb,	C. Johnson,
W. O. Fisher,	C. H. Tebbetts,	J. Fisher,
M. S. Hill,	M. B. Blunt,	Henry Darby,
M. H. Cleveland,	S. C. Gault,	H. S. Van Devort,
T. J. Sherk,	Wm. Marble,	M. M. Blunt,
F. W. Pierce,	Chas. Hawkins,	Arthur Cook,
Henry Kern,	W. H. Ehlers,	J. McLaren,
Simon Spencer,	F. W. Byers,	J. A. Robinson,
T. Trevarthen,	R. E. Stanley,	James Murrie,
Jacob Nadig,	Jerome Burnett,	H. Weatherby,
D. W. Dimmick,	J. K. Pollock,	C. W. Earle,
F. G. Worth,	Rev. William Gillies,	J. H. Beasley,
H. P. Barnum,	S. L. Buser,	C. G. Luttman,
T. Blackler,	J. A. Mason,	John King,
G. H. Burnett,	M. B. Gilmore,	Smith D. Atkins,
Henry Gage,	W. W. Dwyer,	M. L. Goding,
C. E. Webb,	W. Vincent,	W. S. Stevens,
W. H. Busbey,	J. E. Clarkson,	W. B. Lewin,

A new flag of the regiment fluttered from the porch of General Smith's house. It bore the names of the battles in which the regiment took part—Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Peach Tree Creek, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station, Franklin, Atlanta and Nashville. General and Mrs. Smith began to welcome the guests at six o'clock, and they led them over to the corner where the modest old soldier, Colonel Hicks, was awaiting them.

BACK TO THE FRONT IN MEMORY.

“Field and staff to form and proceed to draw rations,” called the General. The procession went upstairs to the attic, where a surprise was in store for the veterans. They had been gazing on the old regimental colors downstairs, and had wandered under the stars and stripes, which were hung all over the house. But in the attic they found General Smith’s tent, which he used as his headquarters during the war, rigged up, and containing a soap box as a desk. By the side of the tent was a stack of rifles.

“Fall in line,” commanded the General, “and prepare to receive hardtack. It may be warm here, but it isn’t as hot as it was at Peach Tree Creek.”

Then the veterans were served on tin plates with bacon and beans and bisenits, washed down with sugarless black coffee. Some of the old boys sat down on the floor as they used to do when hardtack was served during the war. They told the old stories, recognized each other again, and remembered how one man had been shot while raising his coffee to his lips, another while bending over the fire. The orchestra downstairs played national airs, and some of the boys felt like singing and they did sing. Then there were speeches full of well-earned compliments for Colonel Hicks and General Smith. The latter was telling a group of friends that the Colonel was one of the bravest in the regiment, and was always careful of his men, sparing them on the march and attentive to them in camp.

“One of the many incidents which bound me more closely to Colonel Hicks,” said the General, “occurred at Cleveland, Tenn., during the winter of 1863-4. He had obtained leave of absence, but when I told him we were about to break camp and march to Blue Springs he refused to take his leave, and went through a week’s campaign with me in sleet and snow, with constant skirmishing, and bloody fighting at Tunnel Hill and Dalton. Colonel Hicks commanded his regiment through nearly all the Atlanta campaign and in those memorable closing scenes of the war. He was twice breveted for gallantry and faithful services.”

And while General Smith talked like this, others were equally loud in their praise of the Colonel. The host did not intend to send his guests away with only a taste of hardtack. An elegant supper was provided, and after the last course it was time for the veterans and their wives to retreat homeward.—*The Chicago Herald*.

OLD SOLDIERS MEET.

REUNION OF VETERANS AT THE HOME OF GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH—
TALKED OVER WAR SCENES—HARDTACK, SOW-BELLY AND
CAMP COFFEE ADJUNCTS—COMRADES AT THE
BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK WEL-
COMED BY THEIR COMMANDER.

“ No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o’er the hushed domain.”

The spirit of patriotism flamed in the hearts of the grizzled veterans who met and exchanged war memories at the beautiful home of General and Mrs. John C. Smith, No. 65 Sibley street, between the hours of 6 and 10 o’clock last evening. Those who fought and received scars in the battles of Chickamanga, Lookout Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Franklin, Nashville and other memorable engagements, once more had the opportunity to clasp hands with their immediate comrades and revive thrilling stories of how fields were lost and won. Mingling with the battle-scarred heroes and listening to their tales of carnage were fresh, young, quick-stepping, bright-eyed Sons of Veterans, handsome in bright new uniforms, and throbbing with love of country. Many of the old soldiers were accompanied by their wives and daughters.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, and the event last evening was a reception given by General and Mrs. Smith to survivors of the old regiment, the Ninety-sixth Illinois Infantry Volunteers, which took part in that historic engagement. Feeling that the time must soon come when the last veteran will be required to answer the last roll call, General Smith’s design in giving this reception, which partook largely of the nature of a reunion, was that the comrades of his old command, who stood shoulder to shoulder in defense of the starry flag some thirty years ago, might have one more opportunity to enjoy one another’s society before their ranks shall have been still further decimated.

Here are the names of some of the old warriors and other guests who strolled through the house and grounds during the evening:

ROSTER OF VETERANS AND FRIENDS.

General John E. Smith,	R. S. Thain,
General A. L. Chetlain,	Captain George H. Burnett,
General C. S. Bentley,	Hiram Weatherly,
Ibrahim Hakky Bey,	Dr. Moses Evans,
Ahmed Fahri Bey,	Captain C. B. Funk,
Abdul Rahman,	George E. Douet,
H. W. Lake,	E. Houghton Sangninetti,
Dr. Fred. W. Byers,	Dr. I. Prince,
Major J. K. Pollock,	Rev. William Gillies,
Hon. Chas. A. Partridge,	Captain William Vincent,
John W. Beasley,	Matt M. Bruner,
H. P. Barnum,	Captain George W. Pepoon,
James Murrie,	General Charles Waite,
Myron B. Gilmore,	General Smith D. Atkins,
H. Dombiski,	H. W. Godding,
Captain J. H. Collier,	Major E. A. Blodgett,
H. A. Webb,	Henry H. Gage,
Judge Kohlsaatt,	James Donahue,
W. H. Busbey,	John E. Clarkson,
C. H. Tebbetts,	Captain W. F. Taylor,
John McLaren,	James W. Scott,
O. E. Whitecomb,	Judge James B. Bradwell,
Dr. Charles W. Earle,	Hon. DeWitt C. Cregier,
Captain A. Z. Blodgett,	J. D. C. Whitney,
Jud. A. Mason,	Dr. W. S. Stevens,
Thomas Blackler,	M. Umbdenstock,
W. W. Dwyer,	Professor J. Gelert.
John King,	

WELCOME TO OLD COMRADES.

The receiving party was composed of General and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Oughton, of Jamaica, West Indies; Colonel George Hicks, of Jamaica; Miss Gertie K. Wood, of Newport, Ky., and Miss Ruth A. Smith.

A very happy circumstance in connection with the reunion was the presence of Colonel George Hicks, formerly of Galena, but now a resident of the West Indies, who is well known and highly honored as an officer and comrade of the old Ninety-sixth Illinois. General Smith was particularly desirous that many surviving comrades should

be on hand and meet and welcome Colonel Hicks, one whom they all love and honor. All the survivors of the old command remember very well how Colonel Hicks shared with them the hardships of the march and the dangers of the battlefield.

The veterans, with their ladies and other invited guests, began to arrive at 6 o'clock, and soon afterward the house was aglow with light and color. In every room and hall there were sounds of merriment, and many of the company wandered out in the surrounding grounds and into Vernon Park, which is in front of the General's home, and talked over old times in the moonlight. Over the front door hung a large silk flag, containing upon its prond stripes the names of some of the hardest fought battles in which the regiment participated.

Inside the decorations were more elaborate. The main staircase, the parlors and other parts of the house were beautifully draped with flags and bunting, while rare cut flowers were scattered about in great profusion. The old, torn battle flags of the Ninety-sixth Illinois and various interesting war relics were displayed. In the library a big book was provided, and on a clean page of the same every survivor present was required to register his name.

SERVED WAR RATIONS.

A feature of the reception which contributed vastly to the enjoyment of old and young alike was the serving of war rations. Immediately upon the arrival of guests they were escorted to a large room at the top of the house, where navy beans, "sow-belly" and black coffee and "hardtack" were handed out in true camp style. The coffee was served in tin cups, and the beans, bacon and "hardtack" on tin plates. Nothing could have been offered that would have pleased the old soldiers and their friends more. Every one was regaled with this camp-life fare.

Then there was music by an orchestra which studied the peculiar tastes of old heroes. Old-time music, such as "The Flowers of Edinburgh," "Logan Water," "Annie Laurie," "The White Cockade," "The Bould Soldier Boy," "Come, Haste to the Wedding," "John Brown," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Easy Still," was heard. Once in awhile the band thrilled the hearts of the listeners with the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Then the programme was varied with such tunes as "The Darkey's Dream," and "Maggie Nolan's Ball." Occasionally the strains of "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were heard.

Shortly after 9 o'clock modern refreshments were served in the dining room. The tables were handsomely decorated with flowers and small flags. Immediately afterward the informal programme of the evening was carried out. This consisted of short speeches by General Smith, the host, General Smith D. Atkins, of Freeport, Ill., James W. Scott, Judge H. H. Kohlsaat and Rev. William Gillies, of Jamaica. These gentlemen all gave interesting war reminiscences, and talked of the delights of the reunions of old comrades, and praised the World's Fair, which was the indirect means of bringing many old friends and comrades of war times together.

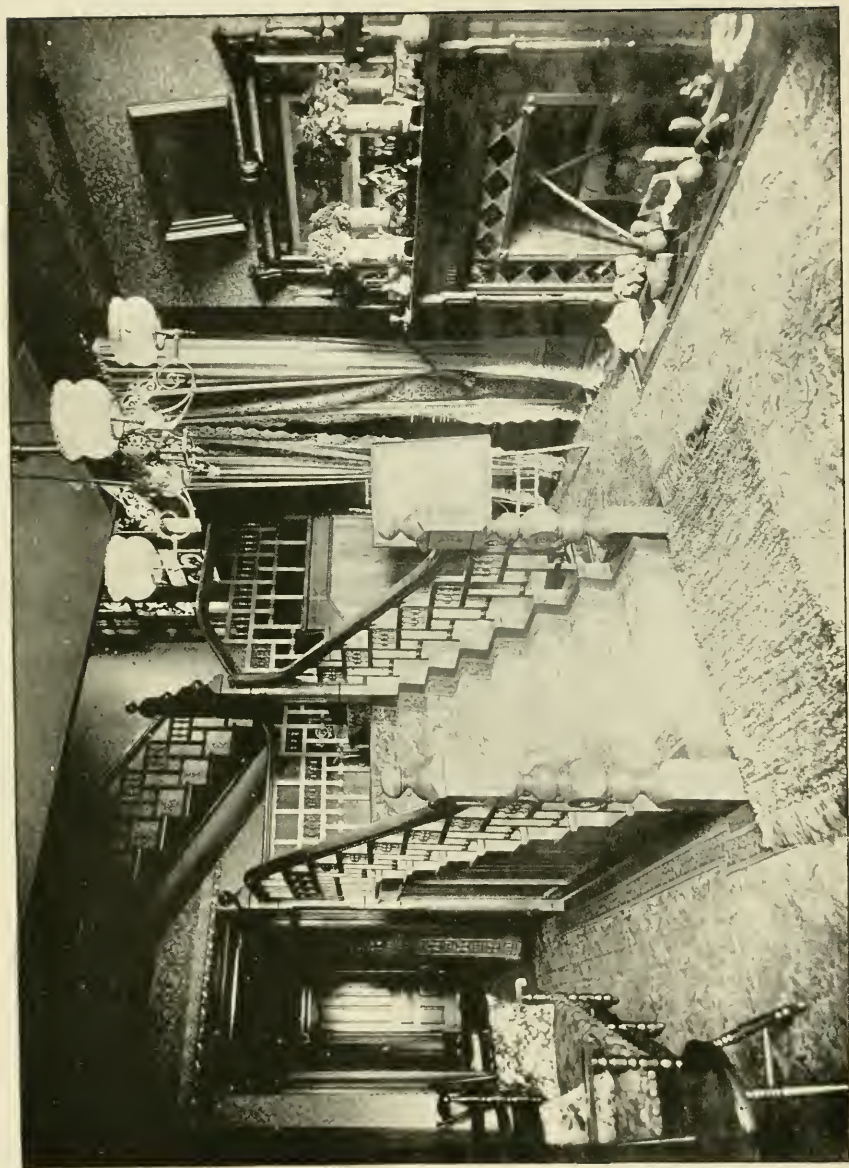
About 125 survivors of the Ninety-sixth Illinois were present, and they came from all over the country: from the east as far as Vermont, from the west as far as Oregon, from the south as far as Louisiana, and from the north as far as the Dakotas. Soon after 10 o'clock "retreat" was sounded, and, as the invitations said, "lights out—when you get home."

Colonel George Hicks, whose presence made the reception doubly enjoyable, is well known as a former citizen of Galena, the home of Generals Grant, John A. Rawlins, John E. Smith, A. L. Chetlain, Jasper A. Maltby, William R. Rowley, John C. Duer, John C. Smith and others greatly distinguished in the war. He was born in Massachusetts, but reared in Illinois. Before the war he was superintendent of schools in Jo Daviess county. Soon after the war he went to Jamaica, where he was appointed inspector of schools in the department of education, a position which he still holds. He is prominent in all educational affairs, and while in Chicago will take part in the world's congresses on education which are going on in the Art Palace on the lake front.

COLONEL HICKS AND THE NINETY-SIXTH.

The Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Infantry, was recruited in Jo Daviess and Lake counties, and marched away to the war in 1862, fully 1,000 strong. The late Thomas E. Champion was its Colonel, and General John C. Smith and Colonel George Hicks were at that time captains in the organization. The regiment was not mustered out of service until 1865, after the surrender at Appomattox. All the survivors remember that it was given a hearty reception in Chicago on its return from the battlefields on which it had won many honors and left many of its comrades.

The Ninety-sixth Illinois was in many notable engagements. The



RECEPTION HALL AND STAIRCASE, 65 SIBLEY ST.

first great battle in which it took part was that of Chickamauga, where it fought under the command of the late General James B. Steedman, of Toledo, Ohio. At Chickamauga it met with great loss. Among the killed was Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, of Lake county. It was in the memorable battle of Lookout Mountain and in several important engagements of the Atlanta campaign. In the battle of Kenesaw Mountain both Colonel Champion and General Smith were severely wounded. Afterward the brave Ninety-sixth participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

In short, the regiment has a history that is filled with heroic deeds. Since the war the survivors have enjoyed several happy reunions. In 1875 a general reunion was held at Waukegan. In 1886 there was also a general reunion at Galena. Four years ago, on the eve of his departure to the West Indies for his health, General Smith gave a notable reception, which almost amounted to a reunion, to his old comrades at his residence. Many distinguished soldiers were present at these former reunions who have since taken their place on "Fame's eternal camping ground."—*The Daily Inter Ocean*.

Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, 65 Sibley street, hold a reception this evening from 6 till 10 o'clock in honor of Col. George Hicks, of Jamaica, West Indies. All the surviving members of the colonel's old regiment, the Ninety-sixth Infantry, have been invited from all over the United States, and about three hundred acceptances were received. The receiving party contains:

Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Oughton and Col. George Hicks, of Jamaica; Miss Wood, of Newport; Miss Ruth A. Smith.

The halls and parlors are elaborately trimmed with the flags of all nations, and Johnson will serve in the dining-room, where the national colors will be used. From 7 till 8 o'clock the old soldiers will be entertained in the ball room, on the top floor, which has been fitted up as much as possible like a camp.

In the east end is a tent containing army boxes, cots and stools, and the walls and columns are draped with flags and bunting. Guns are stacked by the door and army blankets spread over the cots. In one corner black coffee, bacon, beans and hardtack will be served from tin plates and cups. Among the 600 guests invited are:

Ex-President Harrison, Gens. O. O. Howard, W. S. Rosecrans, A. Baird, John E. Smith, John C. Black, Nathan Kimball, A. L. Chetlain, Ex-Gov. R. J. Oglesby, Gov. John C. Beveridge. Capts. W. F. Taylor, H. P. Barnum, William Vincent, Henry H. Gage, J. H. Collier. Messrs. James Donohue, John E. Clarkson, H. H. Kohlsaat, James W. Scott, William H. Busbey, Charles G. Luttman. Drs. Charles W. Earle, Moses Evans, Prof. J. Gelert.—*Chicago Daily News*.

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH AND HIS OLD REGIMENT.

A large reception was given by Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, 65 Sibley street, Thursday evening, in honor of Col. George Hicks, of Jamaica, West Indies. Guests were there from all parts of the United States, for all the surviving members of the General's old regiment, the Ninety-sixth Infantry, were invited to meet again those who shared with him the pleasures of the camp and dangers of the battlefield. In the receiving party were Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Wood, of Newport, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Oughton, of Kingston, Jamaica; Miss Ruth A. Smith, and Col. George Hicks.

The flags of all nations decorated the rooms, the receiving party standing under a canopy made of American flags. A familiar sight to the old warriors was a tent fitted up with the camp paraphernalia used by Gen. Smith during the war, in which army fare was served from army service of tin cup and plates. In the dining room where refreshments were served the decorations were all in red, white and blue, and an orchestra screened by stars and stripes played patriotic airs. Among the invited guests were:

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A large portion of the evening was devoted to personal reminiscences of members of the regiment. These gatherings are pleasing in their character and tend to make the hearts of the young men and women of our land burn with patriotism. Soon the men who fought the battles for the preservation of the Union will pass away and then such gatherings will be impossible. General and ex-Lieutenant Governor Smith is one of the most popular men in the State and justly so. He has been State Treasurer, Lieutenant Governor, Grand Master of Masons, Grand Commander of Knights Templar, at the head of the Order of Odd Fellows: is a 33d degree Mason, and Deputy for

Illinois of the Supreme Council, 33d degree. Not a day of his life passes but that he suffers severely from the effects of wounds and malaria received in the service under Generals Grant and Sherman in the great battles preparatory to the march to the sea.

General Smith would not be with us to-day were it not for Mrs. Smith, the mother of the regiment, who, by her excellent care and nursing, when wounded and thought to be about to die, brought him back to life.

Mrs. Smith and the General take great delight in entertaining not only the veterans, but all their friends, and their name is legion.—*Chicago Legal News.*

On roll-call the following were found present for duty :

FIELD AND STAFF.

Gen. John C. Smith and wife.....	Chicago.
✓ Col. George Hicks.....	Kingston Jamaica, W. I.
Adjutant Edward A. Blodgett and wife.....	Chicago.
Ass't Surgeon Moses Evans.....	Evanston, Ill.
Ass't Surgeon Frederick W. Byers.....	Monroe, Wis.
Sergt. Major Charles A. Partridge and wife...	Waukegan, Ill.
Quartermaster-Serg't Benj. F. Shepard.....	Gurnee, Ill.
Commissary-Serg't Morris S. Hill and daughter.	Wauconda, Ill.
Principal Musician Hiram Weatherley.....	Oregon.
Fife-Major A. R. Douglass.....	Gurnee, Ill.

"A" COMPANY.

Capt. William Vincent.....	Galena, Ill.
Samuel C. Gault.....	Lanark, Ill.
Wm. L. Gayetty.....	Savanna, Ill.
Benjamin F. Fox.....	Fort Dodge, Ia.

"B" COMPANY.

Capt. George H. Burnett.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Lient. Geo. Wait and wife.....	Volo, Ill.
Sergt. Arthur Cook.....	Wauconda, Ill.
Corp. Orville P. Barron.....	Gray's Lake, Ill.
Corp. Major H. Cleveland.....	Garnett, Kan.

Corp. Jerome Burnett and wife.....	Antioch, Ill.
Corp. Warren E. Powers and wife.....	Wauconda, Ill.
Dighton Grainger and daughter	Volo, Ill.
Whitman O. Fisher and daughter.....	Hainesville, Ill.
Thomas E. Wells and wife.....	Vermont.
Wm. Marble	Wauconda, Ill.
James A. Beck and wife.....	Gurnee, Ill.
Isaac Butterfield and wife.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Elijah C. Carpenter and wife.....	Elgin, Ill.
Henry Dombksi and daughter.....	Gray's Lake, Ill.
George E. Hendee	Gray's Lake, Ill.
Myron A. Bryant.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Oscar E. Whitecomb	Chicago.
John T. Morrill and wife.....	Gray's Lake, Ill.
John H. Cruver	Chicago.
Myron Gilmore.....	Great Bend, Kan.
William J. Fuller.....	Libertyville, Ill.
James E. Millard	Chicago.

"C" COMPANY.

Capt. John K. Pollock.....	Millburn, Ill.
Lieut. Charles W. Earle.....	Chicago.
Sergt. Edward Murray and wife	Waukegan, Ill.
Sergt. James Murrie.....	Millburn, Ill.
Sergt. Lewis H. Bryant.....	Ivanhoe, Ill.
Corp. Samuel Clark and daughter	Barrington, Ill.
Corp. Oscar Rector.....	Kenosha, Wis.
Corp. Wm. B. Lewin	Russell, Ill.
Corp. Henry P. Barnum.....	Waukegan, Ill.
William H. Ehlers.....	Nebraska.
Henry Kern.....	Libertyville, Ill.
Joseph C. Whitney and wife.....	Lake Zurich, Ill.
Jerry Savage	Antioch, Ill.
Joseph Savage.....	Antioch, Ill.
Charles E. Webb.....	Waukegan, Ill.
John W. Besley and wife.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Ira Cribb	Evanston, Ill.

"D" COMPANY.

Capt. Asiel Z. Blodgett and wife.....Waukegan, Ill.
 Capt. Walter W. Hastings, wife and daughter, Dixon, Ill.
 Capt. John H. Collier and wife Gibson, Ill.
 Lieut. Jerry H. Linklater and wife.....Chicago.
 Corp. I. M. Douglas and wifeLake Villa, Ill.
 Corp. Fred. G. Worth.....Wadsworth, Ill.
 Corp. Henry A. Webb and wife.....Aurora, Ill.
 Jacob Van Patten and wifeAntioch, Ill.
 Robert E. Stanley.....Nippersink, Lake co., Ill.
 Richard S. Thain and wife.....Oak Park, Ill.
 Chas. S. Hawkins and daughterAvon, Ill.
 Chas. J. Neal and wifeRandom Lake, Wis.
 Chas. T. Dickinson and daughter.....Chicago.
 Chas. E. WebbChicago.
 Adrian R. Douglas.....Lake Villa, Ill.
 H. J. Ring.....Gibson, Ill.
 Chas. SpauldingWaukegan, Ill.
 John E. Clarkson.....Chicago, Ill.
 Martin M. Blunt.....Marena, Kan.

"E" COMPANY.

Capt. William F. Taylor and wife.....Chicago.
 Sergt. Royal J. Cooper.....Nora, Ill.
 Sergt. Daniel W. Dimmick.....Apple River, Ill.
 Corp. John Grabham and wife.....Twin Falls, Kan.
 Geo. Teal and wife.....Lamoni, Iowa.
 Hiram N. Perry and wife.....Wiota, Wis.

"F" COMPANY.

Lieut. Franklin W. Pierce.....Elizabeth, Ill.
 Sergt. Chas. G. Luttman.....Neenah, Wis.
 Corp. Simeon Spencer.....Council Hill, Ill.
 Corp. Thomas Trevathan.....Council Hill, Ill.
 Corp. John A. Robison.....Savanna, Ill.
 Edward Hancock and wife.Harvard, Ill.

"G" COMPANY.

Capt. Benj. G. Blowney.....Waukegan, Ill.

Sergt. Chas. J. Miller.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Corp. Henry H. Gage and wife.....	Chicago.
Corp. Judson A. Mason.....	Prairie View, Ill.
James Donahue.....	Chicago.
Henry Darby.....	Libertyville, Ill.
George H. Foote and wife.....	Elgin, Ill.
Edwin Drury and wife.....	Wilmette, Ill.
Thomas W. Dwyer.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Joseph Palmer.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Nahum Lamb.....	Gurnee, Ill.
Daniel H. Gail and wife.....	Chicago.
Albert A. Burge and wife.....	Fredonia, Kan.
Thomas Blackler and wife.....	So. Evanston, Ill.
John Triggs and wife.....	Chicago, Ill.

“ H ” COMPANY.

Lieut. Samuel H. Bayne and wife.....	Salem, Neb.
Sergt. John A. Francisco and wife.....	Warren, Ill.
Sergt. H. S. Vandervort and wife.....	Warren, Ill.
Sergt. Mathais M. Bruner and daughter....	Apple River, Ill.
Corp. Andrew Johnson.....	Browntown, Wis.
Corp. Peter Davison.....	Chicago.
Richard C. Cullen and wife.....	Warren, Ill.

“ I ” COMPANY.

Charles R. Tippet.....	Scales Mound, Ill.
William M. Perry and son (John Corson)....	Elizabeth, Ill.
Moses Rees.....	Gadens, Ill.

“ K ” COMPANY.

Lieut. George W. Pepoon.....	Warren, Ill.
Sergt. Henry W. Goding.....	Warren, Ill.
Thos. J. Sherk.....	Warren, Ill.
Jacob Nadege.....	Rush, Ill.
Samuel L. Buser and daughter.....	Warren, Ill.
H. R. Buser and wife.....	Cedar Rapids, Ia.
James Hicks.....	Warren, Ill.
Beri Serviss and wife.....	Warren, Ill.

GUESTS.

Hon. Thomas Oughton and wife.....	Kingston, Jamaica, W. I.
Gen. Smith D. Atkins.....	Freeport, Ill.
James W. Scott and wife.....	Chicago.
Gen. A. L. Chetlain.....	Chicago.
F. H. Cole and wife.....	Omaha, Neb.
Herbert S. Hicks.....	Rockford, Ill.
Gen. C. S. Bentley.....	Chicago.
Wm. Gillies.....	Kingston, Jamaica, W. I.
Dr. F. C. Schaefer and wife..	Chicago.
Robt. A. Smith and wife.....	Chicago.
J. D. C. Whitney and wife (Sturges Rifles)...	Chicago.
Aaron J. Miksch and wife (50th Ohio)	Chicago.
Miss Clara Smith	Chicago.
Mrs. Gen. J. A. Maltby.....	Chicago.
C. H. Tebbetts and wife (37th Ill.)	Chicago.
Miss Rose A. Beck.....	Gurnee, Ill.
Miss Katie Hastings	Dixon, Ill.
Lester E. Partridge.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Myron L. Goding.....	Warren, Ill.
R. K. Brown.....	So. Evanston, Ill.
Henry McCall and wife (15th Ill.)	Chicago.
Gil W. Barnard and wife.....	Chicago.
Miss Annie L. Barnard.....	Chicago.
John C. Smith, Jr., and wife.....	Chicago.
Allan R. Tomlin.....	Chicago.
Harlow A. Leekley.....	Chicago.
Samuel H. Smith and wife.....	Chicago.
Miss Ruth A. Smith.....	Chicago.
Miss Jessie Bentley.....	Chicago.
Judge C. C. Kohlsaat	Chicago.
Mrs. A. E. Leekley	Chicago.
Miss Charlotte A. Leekley	Chicago.
Miss Annie Thatcher	Aurora.
Gen. John C. Smith Camp 138, Sons of Veterans, 30 men, under command of Capt. C. B. Funk.	

REGRETS.

GUESTS.

Prof. Johannes Gelert.....	Chicago.
Gen. Charles Waite	Lena, Ill.
James N. Brown.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Wm. Schuchert.	Chester, Ill.
Capt. Robert H. Mann.....	Chester, Ill.
Loyal L. Munn	Freeport, Ill.
William A. Montgomery....	Chicago.
John M. Campbell.....	Chicago.
Dr. I. Prince.....	Chicago.
Elam L. Clarke.....	Chicago.
Dr. J. O. Harris.....	Ottawa, Ill.

"A" COMPANY.

Nathaniel Tutin.....	Bartlett, Neb.
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"B" COMPANY.

George H. Day	Wabasha, Minn.
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"C" COMPANY.

M. Umbdenstock	Chicago.
Watson Markley	Minneapolis, Kan.
Amelious Ames.....	Waukegan, Ill.
Henry Sneesby	Villard, Minn.
John White, Sr	Rosecrans, Ill.

"D" COMPANY.

J. C. Whitney.....	Lake Zurich, Ill.
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"E" COMPANY.

Sergt. W. T. Adams.....	Chapin, Iowa.
Sergt. Calvin Frisby.....	Dixon, Ill.
Royal J. Cooper	Nora, Ill.
J. B. Going.....	Akron, Mich.

"F" COMPANY.

S. A. Guild	Yankee Hollow, Ill.
Wm. H. Sidner.....	Omaha, Neb.
Wm. Barr.....	Liberty, Neb.

"G" COMPANY.

Geo. M. Phillips.....	Chester, Neb.
James O'Herrin.....	Chicago.
Perrin P. Cole.....	Charles City, Iowa.
Jeremiah Conklin.....	Pierport, Mich.
Thos. B. Pocklington.....	So. Evanston, Ill.
John King.....	Chicago.
George James.....	Marion, Ind.

"H" COMPANY.

Dr. F. L. Flanders.....	Kansas City, Mo.
Oscar Robbins.....	Warren, Ill.
Finley Smith.....	Battle Creek, Iowa.
N. McWayne.....	Dorset, Vt.

"I" COMPANY.

Robert E. Kilpatrick.....	Hanover, Ill.
Thos. L. McNeil.....	West Lincoln, Neb.

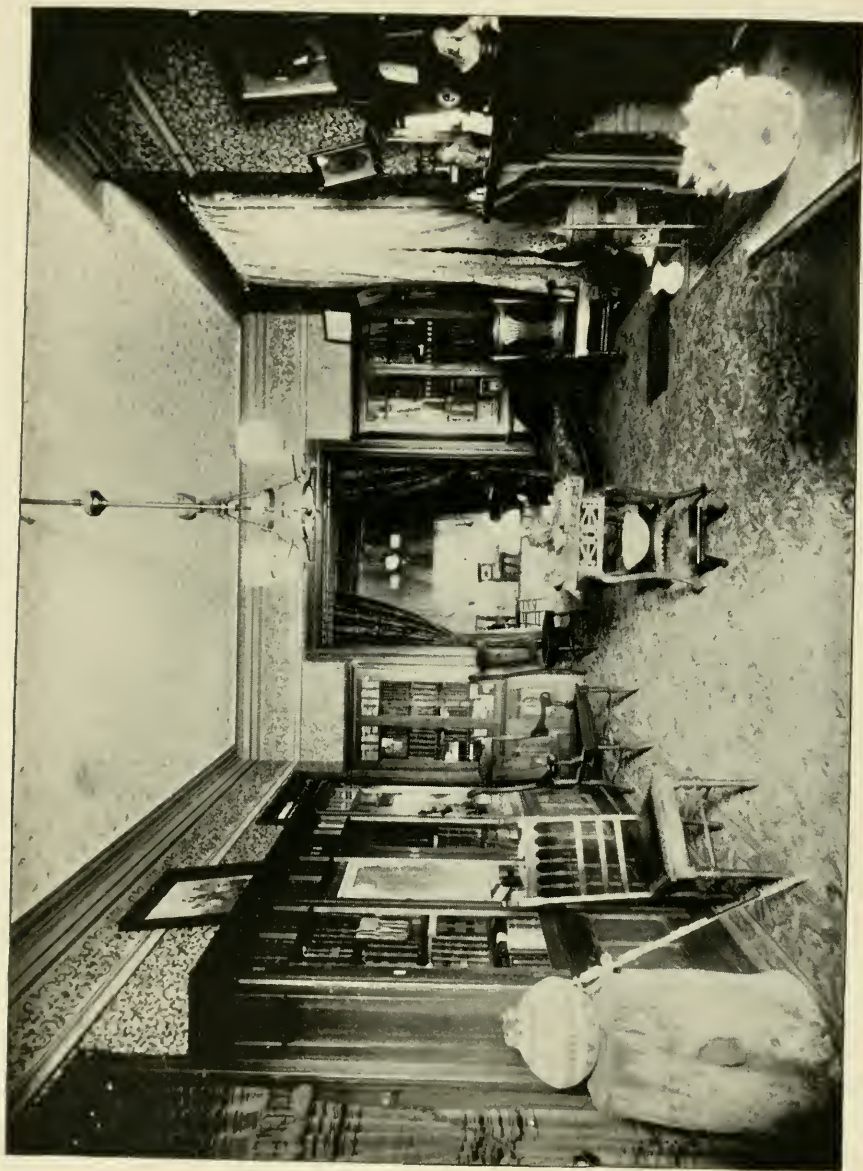
"K" COMPANY.

Sergt. C. C. Cowen.....	St. Louis, Mo.
J. L. Taylor.....	Masonville, Iowa.
A. McClelland.....	Onaga, Kan.
Harmon S. Dean.....	Ironton, Wis.
N. B. Claypool.....	Hampton, Ia.

The roll call ended, and with the music sounding an advance, the comrades, their wives, daughters and guests, with General and Mrs. Smith at the head of the column, proceeded to the large hall up stairs, where army rations were served and enjoyed by every one present.

Returning to the drawing-rooms a dress parade was held, but it was a marching one through the spacious halls and parlors, the columns passing in review that the comrades and their families might see each other.

One of the most delightful features of the evening was an exhibition of the "facings" and "manual of arms" by the thirty men—Sons of Veterans—of General John C.



LIBRARY AND DRAWING ROOM, 65 SIBLEY ST.

Smith Camp, No. 138, Sons of Veterans, who, young and boyish as they were, averaged an older age than the veterans of the Ninety-sixth Regiment did thirty years ago.

The exhibition drill ended, General Smith addressed his old soldiers as follows :

LADIES, COMRADES AND FRIENDS :

Mrs. Smith, whom you "boys" affectionately call the "mother of the Regiment," and myself, take great pleasure in welcoming you to our home, as much so as your old commander did on all occasions to his "headquarters" when in the field. We are pleased to have you and your loved ones, and all these good friends, around us, to partake of our hospitalities and enjoy the society of each other.

The good Lord has blessed us with a fair degree of prosperity, the enjoyment of which is increased tenfold by the good we can do with it and the happiness it enables us to impart to others. Of all the friends we delight to have with us, and they are many, we have no occasion like this when the "boys" with whom so many years were spent in the military service of our country are about us and are our guests.

Your presence recalls the tedious marches, the weary bivouacs and the nightly vigils. As we look upon you we are reminded of the incidents of camp, the fording of Stone River and the zip of the minnie ball upon the skirmish line. As we look into your bronzed faces and note how silvered the hair and beard, we realize how deeply engraven upon our heart are the memories of your faithful services to your country, and how strong is your love for your old officers and comrades. In our brain is treasured the record of your bravery upon a score of well-contested fields, your devotion to country and your heroic defense of its flag. On no other battleflags, in no other country, and no other age are recorded greater achievements than were yours upon the battlefields of your country during its great struggle for the preservation of the Union. The glories of the campaign through Kentucky, the Tullahoma campaign, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy Station, Franklin and Nashville, are yours. In the ever-memorable Atlanta campaign, you were under fire of musketry or artillery, and

mostly both, for 120 days, beginning with Tunnel Hill, May 5, 1864, and ending at Jonesboro, September 2, 1864. For distances marched, rapidity of movement and battles fought, that campaign will challenge the attention of all military students for ages yet to come.

What a march was that from Jonesboro, Georgia, 400 miles back to Nashville, Tennessee, much of the way before a superior force of the enemy. How vividly it recalls the crossing of the Harpeth after the desperate battle of Franklin and the decisive battle of Nashville, where Hood's army went down in an irretrievable defeat. But what fighters those old Confederates were! Those fellows we called "Rebs.," and well they might be, for they were Anglo-Saxons like ourselves. They were our enemies then, but our brothers now; and much as we may love them individually, we must ever look upon their cause as an unholy one, and ever maintain that the cause of the Union was the right. It was the cause of freedom, of humanity, and the hope of the world. The preservation of this Union is what you fought for, what your comrades laid down their lives for, and what we trust our children and our children's children will ever be as ready to do as were the brave boys in blue in the terrible ordeal through which we passed in the great war of the Rebellion.

How well we recall the time so vividly described by our own genial poet, Benjamin F. Taylor—

"When the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of the hemlock fire,
And the singing shot and the shrieking shell,
And the splintered fire of the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon-smoke,
As the growling guns by batteries spoke,
In syllables dropped from the thunder of God—
The throb of the cloud where the drummer-boy trod!
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds up with a breath again,
As he cleaves the din with his "close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beamy look in the dying eye,
As under the clouds the stars go by!
But his soul marched on, the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead!"

Those scenes are passed, and you who have been spared, surrounded by your families, may now enjoy the fruits of your own and your comrades' bravery in this land of peace, prosperity and universal liberty. Every one of you deserve to be happy now and hereafter. I would to God all our brave comrades had been permitted to see this day, and enjoy with us the happiness of this evening. But that could not be. Some sacrifice had to be made, and their lives was the price paid for the preservation of this glorious Union. In a work entitled "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, 1861-5," by Col. Wm. F. Fox, U. S. V., your own regiment, the Ninety-sixth Illinois, is placed among the fifty regiments which sustained the heaviest losses in an engagement, and that was at Chickamanga, where, in a command of 400, the loss was 56 per cent., and of those 66 were killed, a record any soldier may be proud of, and well may he exclaim—

"Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And oh! be mine like their repose
When cold and low they lie!
Their loveliest mother earth
Enshrines the fallen brave,
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
They find their tranquil grave."

THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD.

Since our last gathering on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1889, in these same rooms, information has reached me of the death of the following named comrades not before reported:

"The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where shreves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garners to fill;
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day."

Lient. Addison B. Partridge, "C" Co., Chicago, May 11, 1886.

Lient. George Ferguson, "H" Co., Waukegan, Illinois, February 26, 1890.

Corporal John C. Simmons, "K" Co., Wisconsin, July, 1889.

Corporal Wm. J. Virtue, "A" Co., Jo Daviess county, March 10, 1890.

Christian Ronsch, private, "A" Co., Galena, 1890.

John H. Holden, "A" Co., San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1891.

Sergeant John McGill, "C" Co., Novi, Michigan, April 21, 1891.

Sergeant Martin Efinger, "C" Co., Lake county, Illinois, 1892.

Orrin Howe, private, "C" Co., Chicago, February 3, 1893.

Sergeant Charles Ellis, "D" Co., Wankegan, Illinois, May 6, 1890.

W. W. Chamberlain, "D" Co., Wankegan, Illinois, March 28, 1893.

Joseph A. Roth, private, "D" Co., Osage, Iowa, March 29, 1893.

Isaac P. Noggle, private, "E" Co., Bristow, Iowa, October 17, 1889.

Corporal Wm. Hill, "E" Co., Apple River, Illinois, January, 1891.

Corporal Abaslom Power, "E" Co., Apple River, Illinois, September 27, 1893 (as we go to press).

Corporal John Stahl, "F" Co., Apple River, Illinois, June 17, 1890.

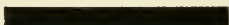
Charles N. Hammond, private, "F" Co., Jackson, Tennessee, October 10, 1891.

Wm. S. Nash, private, "F" Co., Stockton, Illinois, 1892.

John Fritz, private, "F" Co., Galena, Illinois, 1893.

George M. Farnsworth, private, "G" Co., Chicago, May 15, 1893.

John Harrington, private, "G" Co., Indiana, date unknown.



There is something more, my comrades, in the present order of assembly at our headquarters than the reminder that this is the twenty-ninth anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, much as we may desire to recall that memorable event. It is that you should be here in force to welcome that brave soldier, that gallant comrade, Colonel George Hicks, who led you so often and so successfully in the great battles of that glorious campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the closing battles of which at Franklin and Nashville, made fruitful the ever memorable "March to the Sea."

The dear Colonel, "Old George Hicks," as Gen. Kimball delights to call him, is here all the way from the West Indies to greet you and

enjoy the occasion with you. I know that you will give him a royal and soldierly welcome, after which I will read you a few letters from your old Commanders and many of your comrades who are prevented from being present.



COLONEL GEORGE HICKS.

Col. Hicks was here lifted upon the shoulders of the "old boys," and stood upon a table, while the drawing-rooms and library of the General's house rang with the cheers of the soldiers and the guests. When the applause had somewhat subsided, Col. Hicks addressed his comrades and friends as follows :

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

I am delighted to meet you here. I am more than delighted to meet so many who still survive of the boys of the Ninety-sixth—to meet so many who were my comrades in the great war. To me, having my home in a far-off land, this is a rare privilege, and I prize it most highly.

I know not how to express my sense of indebtedness for this great pleasure to our honored host and hostess—to our old comrade, Gen. Smith, and to Mrs. Smith, who adopts all the boys of the Ninety-sixth as her sons. Large of heart to conceive, skillful of mind to plan, liberal of hand to execute, they have done what they have been in the habit of doing ever since '65, when, with open house and heart, they welcomed to their home in Galena the boys returning from the war. And I do not forget, and I congratulate them upon having their very efficient staff, their able corps of assistants—a patriotic daughter and three patriotic sons—who have been eager to aid in extending a welcome to their father's comrades.

In the note of invitation for this reunion, General Smith has very kindly made special mention of my name, for which I feel highly honored. But I lay no special claim to the crest or seal—the chicken *courant*—which adorns and attests the genuineness of the invitation.

The boys in the ranks would dispute any such claim if it were made. This chicken belongs to that era which includes the earlier experiences of the Ninety-sixth, before the ways of the "boys in blue" had become widely known, and when chickens of southern lineage still supposed there was a possibility of escaping the long reach of the long-armed men from the Prairie State.

This crest reminds me of the French king who, after a good dinner, feeling very comfortable and charitable, wished that every man in his kingdom had a chicken in his pot. There were times when it seemed to me you were inspired with a similar wish, and, to the extent of your powers, were endeavoring to realize it. But there were times, which you will be able to recall, when the chicken, either *courant* or potted, was seen only in dreams, as when, for instance, your rations for a day consisted of one ear of corn, and when some of you made yourselves liable to military discipline for taking a few grains of corn from the starving mules. And when your Colonel, the lamented Champion, and your Lieutenant-Colonel, our host to-night, were brought back wounded to the field hospital tent, they were compelled to endure much, to wait long, and then to travel far before they came within smelling distance of the savory chicken simmering in the pot.

That terrible night, when you fought the enemy in the dark, and lost, for many weeks, the gallant leadership of your chief officers, found me ingloriously lying in the field hospital, where our regimental surgeon had ordered me. He said I was ill; that I must go into the hospital and have medicine and change of diet. It was a wonderful change of diet. Army pancakes and melted sugar for breakfast, field-hospital pancakes and liquified sugar for dinner, soldier pancakes and sugar treacle for supper. In the early morning I concluded the diet had done its appointed work, and went forward to the trenches, where, in the excitement of dodging, with you, the rebel shells, my illness quite abandoned me.

The events of that night, leaving me in command of the regiment for the greater part of the Atlanta campaign, brought me into closer touch with you and bound me with closer ties of attachment to the officers and men of the Ninety-sixth. How that long campaign dragged on wearily, giving us no rest, never out of the sound of cannon and bursting shell, hardly ever out of the reach of the whizzing bullet speeding on its evil mission, now wounding comrades on picket, now striking fatally a sergeant in his tent behind the breastworks. But that cam-

paign, with all the eventful campaigns of the great war, has long ago passed into history.

Looking back over the long interval, we can see how difficult was the achievement of the task the armies of the Union had undertaken. Looking about us, we can see how great are the results which must be attributed to the successful achievement of that task. We were fighting, and were consciously fighting, the battles of humanity, and humanity has shared in the benefits of our victory. Because of our victory England is a different and a better England, and France, Germany, Italy, the nations of Europe, are more liberal, more willing to acknowledge the rights and care for the interests of the great mass of the common people, and less exclusively devoted to the interests of the favored few.

Every soldier of the Union who sees the progress the nation has made and the position it now is accorded among the great nations of the earth must feel a glow of pride when he remembers that it is owing to what he and his fellow soldiers braved and endured and achieved; that this nation is not broken into disjointed and uninfluent fragments. The South itself, which used to bewail its "lost cause," is seeing and is beginning to acknowledge that that was a cause the loss of which was an infinite gain to the losers.

When you visit the great World's Fair—the marvel of the century—remember that you and your fellow-soldiers, by your victory, made this marvel a possibility. Chicago would not be the wonder she is, nor would she have dreamed of that which, to the surprise and admiration of the world, she has accomplished, had the soldiers of the Union faltered and failed.

[At this point a company of young volunteers entered the parlors, and the speaker paused for a few moments, until they had stacked arms. After complimenting them upon their soldierly bearing, and calling for three cheers for them, which were heartily given, the speaker resumed.]

Much has changed since our soldier days. The fierce animosities that characterized the beginning of the war, which were modified by long campaigning, and then revived and intensified by the tragic death of Lincoln, have now disappeared. We can judge our antagonists more kindly and more justly. I learn there is to be, ere long, a fraternization of soldiers of the opposing armies. If I were to be here I should quite readily take part in it, for there is enough in com-

mon—enough for which I can respect them—to warrant fraternal greeting.

With them there was no lack of *manhood*. They were foemen worthy of our steel. If we ever doubted it, we had good reason to change our opinion before many battles were fought. Without manly courage on their part the war would not have reached its unprecedentedly vast proportions. As men, sharing the qualities of true manhood, they stand on a level not lower than we.

There is also this in common—a sense of justification in the course we severally took. I think at the outset a very large proportion of the South did not feel that the initial steps of secession were justified, but they did feel that coercion should be resisted, and that was their justification for their part in the wars.

Gladly recognizing their manhood, and readily granting their conscientiousness, I see no reason why you should not stand with them when they stand beneath the old flag and pledge loyalty to it.

But never allow your lips to say—never permit any one to teach your children to say—that the “lost cause,” and the cause you periled your life for, were equally meritorious, and that it was a matter of indifference which triumphed. Your antagonists were blinded and did not see; you lived in the light and you did see, and all the nations now see, that principles of eternal right were at stake, and that the welfare of humanity was involved in the issue. Never ignore that; never belittle that.

In some compilations of history which I have recently seen, this is ignored and is belittled. But I care not. Let their book-compilers eliminate what they will, and treat as indifferent that which is vital: the truth will not be covered up. The people must read the life of Lincoln: they must read the life of Grant; and those lives cannot possibly be told without revealing how holy and right was the cause which they, under God, made triumphant.

My comrades, I am glad to meet you, and to take you again by the hand, to recall our soldier experiences, to rejoice with you in all the great results of the great war and in all the joys that time has brought to you, and to join with you in honoring the memory, dear and tender and precious, of those who shared in our perils but did not live to share in our rejoicings.

And I am glad to meet these young volunteers—bright-eyed, vigorous, manly—whose soldierly bearing is assurance that those who have long laid aside the weapons of war need not fear that there will

not be a generation to wield those weapons effectively if ever need shall be.

My comrades of the war, I notice that time is leaving some traces of his presence upon you externally—upon your outer fortifications: but do not let him get inside the fort, and touch with benumbing hand your hope and your faith. Do not entertain the thought that the younger men will be less loyal, less faithful, less worthy of their heritage as citizens than yourselves. One of the great pleasures of my visit to my old home, Illinois, is the meeting with those who were the boys that cheered us as we went forth soldier volunteers for the war. I meet these boys now, with the reins of state in their hands, driving confidently and safely; I find them on the bench, at the bar, wielding the mighty powers of the press, in all positions of honor and trust and power, and honored in all and by all; and my faith in the future of this great nation is deepened and strengthened. As in the past, so in the future, faithful and worthy sires will be succeeded by faithful and worthy sons.

I am glad to greet here not only my comrades but also their wives, their sons, their daughters, their friends, and many personal friends, all making this reunion, at this memorable time, in this memorable city, all the more memorable to me. How glad I should be to meet you here again!

Or, rather,—that you should meet me in my island home. When you have filled yourselves full of the wonders of the wonderful fair; when you have strained your eyes in measuring the heights of modern Chicago buildings, and have become wearied with the rush and whirl of this great metropolis, and would be glad to rest in some quiet, pleasant, beautiful nook, why, come to Jamaica. When you find your summers too hot, or your winters too cold, come and enjoy the everlasting June and October climate of Jamaica. I hope you may not be driven thither by ill health; but if so, I hope you will find, as I have done, that a measure of health and strength can be enjoyed there not possible here. In that case, come and share my exile with me. For I feel at times very strongly that I am an exile, and have an undescribable longing to take part again in the inspiring activities and strivings of American life.

You will receive a hearty welcome if you come to Jamaica, and you will be delighted with it, as our host and hostess and their daughter have been. It is a lovely little bit of the world, not so very far away—easily accessible—in daily touch with all the world, dominated

by English and American civilization, and beginning to feel the impulse of American enterprise. Come, and you will soon learn to say with me, as our friends who so nobly entertain us here to-night, have learned to say :

Isle of Jamaica,
I love Jamaica!

After peace had been declared, for cheer after cheer on the part of the "boys" greeted "Old George Hicks," the dear Colonel and comrade, our first Brigade Commander, General Smith D. Atkins, was called for and introduced, when he, in his old-time and affectionate manner, addressed them :

COMRADES :

I desire to join with my old friend, Col. George Hicks, in returning thanks to General Smith, and his Adjutant General, Mrs. Smith, for an opportunity to meet so many of my old comrades of the days of the war. I was especially impressed with the patriotic sentiments expressed by Colonel Hicks, and remembering that he is now a "bloody Englishman," it is all the more gratifying, demonstrating that while he has renounced his citizenship in America, and become a citizen of England, his heart goes back with pride to the patriotic days of the great war for the Union, in which he so gallantly served, and he is a better citizen of England to-day for having been so patriotic a citizen of the United States then. I heard him make just that same kind of a patriotic speech in the camp of the Ninety-sixth Illinois Volunteers, near Wartrace, Tennessee, on the Fourth of July, 1863. There are some of the Ninety-sixth boys here who will remember that Fourth of July celebration. These reunions, where we old soldiers get together, call up so many memories of camp and campaign, almost forgotten until we are talking over the days of the war. Politics nor religion interferes in these soldiers gatherings. We did not know the politics of our comrades in the army. While we were camped together at Franklin, Tennessee, in the spring of 1863, the Eighty-fourth Indiana regiment was serving in the same brigade with the Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth Illinois regiments, and a Captain Miller, of that regiment, for some trifling petition he had signed, contrary to discipline and good order, was arrested for

mutiny. He was soon released from arrest, and rose to the command of his regiment, and I had almost forgotten the occurrence until he came into my office in Freeport in 1885, and asked me if I remembered him. I told him I did not, but he said I ought to, for I was going to hang him once—and when he told me he was the Captain Miller of the Eighty-fourth Indiana that was brigaded with us at Franklin, Tennessee, I did remember him, and I asked him what he was doing in Freeport, and he told me he was a special agent of the Pension Bureau. “What,” said I, “you appointed by Grover Cleveland?” “Yes,” he said. “And, of course, a Democrat?” I inquired. “Yes,” he replied. “And a Democrat in the war, too?” And he answered “Of course, always a Democrat.” And I told him that I wished I had known that during the war so I could have hanged him while I had a chance—but I did not know what his politics were in the army, and I did not care what they were either, and in these gatherings of old soldiers we lay our politics aside, and live over again in memory the days when we were soldiers together. I almost feel that I am a member of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, so intimate were our relations during the early part of the war, and so warmly have I been welcomed at the reunions of the Ninety-sixth since the war. Whenever you are going to have a reunion, let me know, and I will be with you, and again thanking General and Mrs. Smith for the pleasure of this evening, I bid you good-night.

The following soldierly poem, written by a friend of General Smith, was recited in an admirable manner by Mrs. McCall, wife of Comrade Harry McCall, Fifteenth Illinois Infantry :

“THAT LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON.”

“Many, indeed, are the treasures of earth,
 And we cling, oh how fondly we cling to them;
 Not for their beauty or intrinsic worth,
 But because of the pleasures we bring through them
 To the heart bowed down with toil and strife
 Whose ceaseless cares are our lot in life.
 Though all else may chill us
 These treasures they thrill us,
 They fire and fill us
 With sweet recollections of memorable days,

Dispelling our sorrows
And anxious to-morrows
To linger the while on those venerable days.

But of all the treasures that mortals have known,
The treasure immortal on which we dote,
Is the little bronze button so modestly shown
On the left lappel of the veteran's coat.
Others may revel in jewels of gold
And diamonds that sparkle like stars on high;
Let them wear them, for they may be bought and sold,
But the little bronze button they never can buy,
'Tis the veteran's own shield,
With his life-blood sealed,
Emblazoned with glory he won on the field.

What mem'ries that little bronze button revives
Of marches and battles and prisons and blood,
Of comrades who nobly surrendered their lives
As they charged to the front where the enemy stood.
Never was graven a souvenir more rare
Than the little bronze button the veterans wear.
'Tis the emblem of bravery
Which crushed human slavery—
Which tells of the men who went down to the grave
To make us in truth
What they sang in their youth,
"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

How sweet yet how sad, oh how precious they are,
Those mem'ries no soldier can ever forget:
How vivid they bring back the days of the war,
The glories they shared and the dangers they met
On picket at night
In the field or the fight,
For love of their country, their homes and the right.
Oh, never was graven a token so rare
As the little bronze button the veterans wear.

This little bronze button, 'tis little 'tis true;
It hasn't a value like bank-stocks or farms;
It isn't a beauty on casual view:
For the crowd it possesses no delicate charms;
But the veteran's eye will sparkle and flash
As it flashed 'mid the roar of the cannon's loud rattle
When he sees that bronze button, for again the loud crash
Is recalled as he heard it in the fury of battle;

For there's naught can inspire
With sentiments higher
Than the guerdon they won in the battle's fierce fire.

Wear it, Brave Soldier, aye, long may you wear it,
And long may your comrades who fought with you share it;
And at last when you fall as your comrades have fallen

A legacy grander than silver or gold
Will remain for your children as they place the sad pall on
The venerable form once erect and so bold—

Now lifeless and cold,
And the little bronze button you now so much cherish
Will linger on ever though your body may perish;

And each generation
Of our great nation,
(The nation you saved
By the dangers you braved,)
As they follow each other to ages remote,
Will cherish the more

The little bronze button you modestly wore
On the left lappel of your vest or coat."

This tender and touching poem was written by Col. Matthew H. Peters, of Watseka, Illinois, under the *nom de plume* of "Lieut. Arthur Van Lisle, 74th O. V. I." and sent to General Smith during his severe illness eighteen months since, and we believe has never before appeared in the public press. We gladly give it to our comrades, who so earnestly appreciated its patriotic and soldierly sentiments, as evinced in their repeated applause during its recitation.

The Rev. William Bailles, of Jamaica, West Indies, was introduced and made a brief but touching address, telling the comrades of the good work Col. Hicks was doing for the cause of education in his island home, and how well he was loved by the people of that island.

James W. Scott, editor of the *Chicago Herald*, a very dear and old friend of Col. Hicks, as he was of the entire regiment during the war, was here lifted upon a table and made a talk to the boys. Mr. Scott said that an

editor should never be surprised at anything, but that he was surprised he should be called upon to address a body of old veterans such as he saw about him. That he would much rather talk to them through the columns of his newspaper, because in his office he was just as much at home as the boys of the old Ninety-sixth used to be in their rifle pits. Said he was much pleased, indeed, to have an opportunity to join with the old soldiers in doing honor to Col. Hicks, and was much indebted to General and Mrs. Smith for the opportunity to do so.

I remember, he continued, with much greater accuracy as to detail than would be supposed by those present, the enlistment of that portion of the Ninety-sixth Regiment from Jo Daviess county. At the time the regiment was organized Col. Hicks was engaged in newspaper work at Galena in an establishment of which my father was one of the owners, and through my personal relations with the Colonel at that time I had a great desire to enlist myself; but being several years under the age of those permitted by the government to enlist it was impossible for me to join. I did, however, go with the Jo Daviess companies to Rockford. When the companies arrived at the station in Rockford, the drummers who had enlisted were not familiar with the beats, and as I had learned several of the beats I was put at the head of one of the companies and marched with it to Camp Fuller. I have always felt as a boy, but have since outgrown that feeling, that the regiment was indebted to me for an amount exceeding \$13, which I now see was due to my own neglect in failing to collect it.

When the knapsacks and blankets were given out I purchased some stencils and marked those articles for some of the regiments at 5 cents an article. I was paid for the work in scrip, which was then accepted as currency, and the amount was about \$13. In my desire to save it I kept the scrip so long that when I wished to change it I found that the firm which had issued it had gone out of business and had left no assets for such claims as mine, and consequently I was out of the money, which was a much larger amount to me then than it is now. I desire to express my appreciation of the kindness and generosity of Gen. Smith and wife in throwing open their house, at frequent intervals, for such receptions as this, and I feel sure that I voice the feel-

ing of every one present when I say that this occasion, this most delightful reunion, will never be forgotten by the soldiers and their families. I am pleased to do honor to Col. Hicks on this occasion, and proud to have been a very close friend of his for almost as many years as I can remember. I appreciate very highly the honor conferred upon me by the invitation of Gen. and Mrs. Smith to be present on this occasion.

Judge C. C. Kohlsaet was next introduced and made a humorous speech, telling the "boys" from Galena how he went to school with them, used to play marbles, and slide down cellar doors with them, a summer amusement as substitute for coasting down the hills in the winter.

The following touching poem, full of sentiment and truth, was read by the author, Mrs. Alice J. Whitney, wife of Comrade J. D. C. Whitney, Sturgis Rifles, and enthusiastically applauded :

MISSION RIDGE.

(Dedicated to General John Corson Smith, Ninety-sixth Illinois Volunteers.)

It was just before the last fierce charge, as the Federal line advanced,
And the sunbeams, o'er the mountain top, on sword and bayonet glanced,
Two men, of proud commanding mien, rode apart from the dread array,
And conversed, in low and earnest tones, of loved ones far away :
Of their happy old New England home, where their parents still abode,
And cherished friends of childhood slept beneath the churchyard sod.

" Father will pray at noon and eve, and in the silent night,
That God may watch and keep us both, in the hottest of the fight."
" Mother will wait with an aching heart, for news that all is well,
Or that one of us, brother, for Freedom's sake and our Country's honor fell."
He paused—for his brother's thoughtful brow told of volumes he could not speak,
And, as he strove with his mighty grief, the tears coursed down his cheek.

For not, in this hour, o'er his childhood's home, did his heart most fondly yearn,
But his wife and child, who might wait in vain, the husband and father's return.
But he dashed them aside, as with head still bowed, he took his brother's hand,
And said, " We must think of but duty now, and the fame of our native land."
" If I give my life for her dearest rights, my latest wish shall be,
That above my lifeless form may float the banner of the free !"

" We both may fall ere the day is done, brother, a last good bye,—
We bow to God's will in our country's cause, and are not afraid to die."

Slowly they turned, with this sad farewell, and rode to the field again,
When volley on volley, from right to left, now poured the leaden rain.
Up the side of Lookout, above the clouds, brave Hooker bore our flag,
Tramping from every battlement, Treason's defeated rag.

At night the dreadful carnage ceased ;—were they among the slain
Who parted at morning's rosy light on the far distant plain ?
The younger lay at the mountain's foot,—his face was pallid and cold,
And the pulseless heart and rigid limbs Death's fearful message told.
The older brother his comrades watched, in the thickest of the fray—
They saw him fall, but the fire of the foe covered the spot where he lay.

But scarce was his resting place named, when up from the ground sprang a dusky
form

And sped to his side with wild, eager haste, regardless of darkness and storm,
Heeding not rebel shot and shell, he raised the prostrate man,
And bore him tenderly, in his arms, back to the Federal van.

The flowing blood was quickly staunchcd, the burning lips were laved ;
The ugly, gaping wounds were closed : the soldier's life was saved.

And who was he who danger faced, with courage cool and brave ?

One whom the avarice of man had branded as a slave.

His skin was black, but his faithful heart was wrung at his country's need,
And he cared not for danger, for toil or death, in the strength of a noble deed.
God's strong hand has broken every yoke. He has heard the bondman's plea,
And our dear old flag, of stars and stripes, is the Banner of the Free.

This started the "boys," their "good wives" and the
guests to singing old army songs. "Rally round the flag,
boys," "Brave boys are they," "My old Kentucky home,"
and "Marching through Georgia," ending with Comrade
Charles G. Halpine's (Miles O'Riley's) famous and popular
song in army circles :

THE OLD CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,

Letters of friendship and ties of flowers,

And true lovers' knots, I ween ;

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,

But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—

We have drunk from the same canteen !

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,

And sometimes apple-jack fine as silk ;

But whatever the tippie has been,

We shared it together in bane and bliss



MRS. GEN. JOHN C. SMITH.
"MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT."

And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen !

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green ;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen !

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been ;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen !

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
When my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean ;
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen !

When the “boys” had settled down and all were engaged in partaking of the bountiful refreshments served by “Johnson” letters from former commanders, old comrades and guests were read :

GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON, EX-PRESIDENT U. S. A.

674 NORTH DELAWARE ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 26, 1893.

GENERAL J. C. SMITH :

My Dear Sir,—I have your kind letter of the 26th, and regret to say that my arrangements have been made to spend the months of July and August at my cottage at Cape May Point, and that I will not be able to be in Chicago again before September. I would have been glad to meet you and your comrades if it had been possible.

GENERAL WALTER Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF STATE U. S. A.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 5, 1893.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

My Dear Sir,—I have just returned from an absence of ten days, and find your letter of the 26th ultimo, inviting me to be present at a reception to be given by yourself and Mrs. Smith to your old regi-

ment at Chicago, on July 20th. I regret that my official duties will oblige me to be here at that time.

Hoping that all present will enjoy the patriotic occasion, and with thanks for your courtesy.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, U. S. ARMY.

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH:

Dear Sir,—My father desires me to express for him his appreciation of your cordial invitation to be present on July 20th, and his regret that the letter did not come in time for him to at least send an acknowledgment before this. His health is much improved, but he cannot undertake anything out of his routine prescribed by his physicians.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK, July 3, 1893.

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH:

Dear General,—It will be impossible for me to get to Chicago in season to be with you and your wife at the reunion. Be pleased to express my cordial remembrance of the services your men and others of our command so loyally and generously rendered at the time when our comradeship began. It is a very generous and a pleasant thing for you and your good wife to do to thus draw together and make happy these old friends.

Sincerely yours,

O. O. HOWARD,

Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
CHICAGO, ILL., July 21, 1893.

GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH, 65 SIBLEY ST., CHICAGO, ILL.:

Dear General,—Owing to my absence from Chicago your kind letter of July 18th did not reach me until last night, too late to accept the invitation or to extend the same to officers of my staff.

Thanking you for your courtesy, and hoping that the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

Yours truly,

NELSON A. MILES,

Major-General U. S. Army.

MAJOR-GENERAL ABSALOM BAIRD, U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

My Dear General,—My son, Capt. Wm. Baird, is with his family in Chicago, on duty at the great Exposition, and until yesterday I had expected to spend the month of July with him. Now I find I cannot leave here until later in the season. I thank you for your kind invitation, as it would have been a real happiness to have met once more the Old Boys of the Ninety-sixth at their gathering under your hospitable roof on July 20th. I find it impossible now, but please assure all of my ever-increasing affectionate regard for all who marched along with you and me in the days of our country's peril.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, U. S. ARMY.

FISHER'S ISLAND, N. Y., July 3, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL :

The very hearty invitation from yourself and Mrs. Smith to attend the reunion of your gallant regiment, at your home, found me here by the seaside. I would enjoy the occasion very much, and doubt not but the chicken will be caught, but alas, my retired pay has to be considered, and my finances are in sympathy with the disordered currency of the day, I fear I cannot come. I hope, however, to visit Chicago in September, and will then surely hunt you up and renew old fellowship. Give my love to the boys, whom I remember so well and so favorably, and my kindest regards to your wife.

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHAN KIMBALL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

OGDEN, UTAH, July 12, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL SMITH :

Acknowledging yours of June 25th, I thank you and your dear wife for the kind invitation you extend me to attend the reception you intend giving to the dear old boys of the Ninety-sixth who still survive. God bless them !

I regret very much that I cannot be with you to enjoy the hospitality and welcome to your "home and hearts." My health is such that I cannot undertake the journey. I have been confined to my room and bed for months, and am now barely able to be up to write you. I am now on the last quarter of my 71 years, am very feeble physically,

but my heart is young as ever when I think of the dear old comrades who fought, suffered and endured with me through the campaigns and battles, in defense of our Union, and upheld the dear old flag. Among the gallant regiments that I had the honor to command, none were more brave, daring, and in every way good soldiers, than the officers and men of the Ninety-sixth Illinois. God bless them, every one who are yet awaiting the final muster-out and transfer to join those who have gone before us, and now encamped on that glorious bivouac beyond the dark river. Say to every one of the "old boys" that my heart is full of love for each and all. Oh! how I would rejoice if it could be so that I could take each one of the brave old comrades by the hand and say to them: "God bless you—I love you;" and the first that I would salute would be the dear "mother of the regiment." Kiss her for me, my dear boy, and love her for me—I know that you love her for yourself. Say to Old George Hicks that I never forget him, and ever remember his gallant acts on the 16th December, '64, at Nashville.

I wish, dear comrade, that I could write such a letter as my heart dictates, but words fail me. You know that I prize your friendship, and love you as an old comrade should. Again, God bless you and your precious wife.

MAJOR GENERAL R. J. OGLESBY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, EX-GOVERNOR
OF ILLINOIS, WITH WHOM GEN. SMITH SERVED AS
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH:

If one or either of us shall be in Chicago, we will go to your ranch and tent with you one night anyhow—Peach Tree or Peach Brandy Station, July 20th, 1893. I would, indeed, gladly meet old comrades under your hospitable roof at any time. Bless the living, and then bless the memory of the noble old braves who are gone. No such time as those times shall ever be seen or heard or felt on this earth again.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BAIRD, U. S. ARMY, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,
JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR GENERAL:

Please pardon my not replying to your kind invitation sooner. I fully expected to be able to go on the 20th and looked forward to the

occasion with great pleasure, but I was on duty here unexpectedly that evening. If you have time when you next come to the Fair, stop in at the Service Building. I have an office there adjoining Col. Rice. I am expecting my father out after a while.

GEN. JOHN C. BLACK, M. C.

CHICAGO, June 30, 1893.

GEN. J. C. SMITH:

My Dear General and Mrs. Smith,—My wife and I join in thanking you for your continued remembrances, and nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to be with you on the 20th of July; but at that date business matters will call me East, where I go by appointment on the 18th.

Present my kind regards to all who may remember me among those who will be present, and believe me.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, DEER PARK, MD.

June 28, 1893.

MY DEAR GEN'L AND MRS. SMITH:

I am extremely sorry that it will not be possible for me to accept your kind invitation for July 20th. I have been very sick this spring and am here recuperating, and shall not be in Chicago until quite late. Wishing you a joyous occasion, and with regards to the survivors of the old Ninety-sixth and yourselves, I am.

IBRAHIM HAKKY BEY, IMPERIAL OTTOMAN COMMISSIONER GENERAL,
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I thank you very much for your kind invitation for this evening. I would be really happy to be in the society of your veterans, those who have fought for the sake of freedom and liberty. I am sorry that the extreme fatigue which I am actually feeling compels me to go immediately to some country place in the neighborhood and will deprive me this time of your charming society. I remain, my dear General,

Very respectfully yours,

I. HAKKY.

TELEGRAM—AHMED FAHRI BEY, IMPERIAL OTTOMAN COMMISSIONER;
VIENNA CAFE, MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

GENERAL J. C. SMITH :

Have to regret at the last minute, on account of sickness.

JOHN WORTHINGTON, CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AT MALTA.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

Will this do for a sentiment for your reunion ? I send it in haste, and I fear that what I wanted to convey is not made very clear—but such as it is, I lay it at your feet:

Soldier and hero! Here's my thanks
To you, one of th' immortal band
That fought in stern and thoughtful ranks
To save the union of our land—
They builded better than they knew
Who slavery wiped from Freedom's view.

GENERAL WM. P. INNES, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

GENERAL J. C. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to General Innes to attend a reception at your home, on the evening of July 20th, is at hand. I feel assured that nothing would give the General more pleasure than to be with you at that time, but on account of illness he will be compelled to forego the pleasure.

COMRADE JAMES N. BROWN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH AND COMRADES OF THE NINETY-SIXTH
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY:

Greeting.—In assembling yourselves together in reunion you honor your old Commander and his good wife, and in doing so you honor yourselves, and make all hearts glad.

As a member of the Tenth Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry, I greet you as comrades.

As Secretary of our Regimental Association and as Past President of our Brigade Association (Morgan's Brigade, Davis' Division of the Fourteenth Corps) I extend their fraternal and cordial congratulations

on this splendid meeting around the "Mess Table" of your worthy Commander.

We are growing old and gray, and our step is not so firm and elastic as it was in 1861-1865, but our hearts are as young, and our love for each other and the *flag* is as strong as ever. Your clasp of each other's hand is none the less firm because of advancing years. Statistics give the average age of the enlisted men at nineteen years. The officers certainly did not average over thirty. *Think of it!* Would we trust such a momentous undertaking to our boys? Yes, and the trust would not be betrayed, for we have taught and still are teaching them the love of country, so that we can depend on them for anything. God grant that they may never be called on to defend our common country from foes of any kind. Educate them to love "Old Glory" as we do: to place it on every hill and mountain top, and over every schoolhouse throughout the land.

This a grand country, stretching over a vast domain, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, but in all this wide land there is room for only one flag—the Grand and Glorious Stars and Stripes.

I trust that in your camp fire to-night your old commander will sound the "Assembly" calling you around the mess table, and taking a glass of clear pure water, hold it aloft and propose as his first toast, "The American Flag." Let your response of "God bless it" ring out as strong and clear as your shouts of victory did on the hills of Georgia, showing to the world that we cannot have more than one flag in this country.

Comrades, remember the vacant camp-stools around your board. The number of those who have answered the last roll-call is greater than remain in the ranks on this side of the "line." Drop a tear in memory of their many virtues as soldiers and comrades; forget their faults, comfort the widow and orphan and assist the needy and afflicted; let none of them go to the "*Poor House*" but in every way aid them to make an honorable living.

We are rapidly approaching the "river." The old commanders, Ulysses S. Grant, "Uncle Billy," "Little Phil," "Pap Thomas," and many others of the great captains have crossed over. Sherman's two lieutenants, Howard and Slocum, and A. J. Smith, are the most prominent commanders living.

When taps are sounded for us, may we be ready, and receive the commendation of the Great Commander, saying, "Well done, good and faithful soldier," is the prayer of your comrade.

MAJOR R. W. MC CLAUGHRY, CHIEF OF POLICE, CHICAGO.

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH :

Regrets at unavoidable absence, greetings to old Commander and boys of gallant Ninety-sixth. May you live long and prosper.

MAJOR C. E. BLIVEN, ALDINE SQUARE, CHICAGO.

Dear Comrade.—I regret that absence from the city prevented an earlier reply to your courteous invitation to accept the hospitality of "a soldier at his tent," 65 Sibley street, on the evening of Thursday, July 20th, and now that the commissary has doubtless made her requisition for rations, it is too late to include myself and "best girl," hence we shall be deprived of the pleasure of participating in meeting the comrades you love so well, and especially the rations which are to be provided by the commissary.

My "best girl" joins in kindest regards to you and yours.

DR. W. A. STEVENS, CHICAGO.

GEN. J. C. SMITH, AND "MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT" :

Before me I behold a chick which seems to be making a "two forty" stride to escape from some foraging expedition of the Ninety-sixth to fill its commissary, requisition or no requisition ; he is in good shape, representing from his head to his tail the embryonic home of his germinal existence. The coming events of the coming week seem to point that my "best girl" and I will have to send our regrets that we cannot partake of the "soldier's hospitalities" of the Commander and his good wife on the 20th inst. While at each roll-call the missing did not respond to their names—they never should be forgotten by generations yet to come.

COMRADE JOHN M. CAMPBELL, U. S. ARMY, CHICAGO.

GEN. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Brother and Respected Madame.—I find that it will be impossible for me to be present at the reunion to-morrow evening in honor of Col. George Hicks, and deeply regret that I will have to lose this opportunity of forming the acquaintance of those who stood "shoulder

to shoulder " with Gen. Smith at a time "that tried men's souls," and this regret is intensified when I recall the fact that I shall also be deprived of enjoying your generous hospitality on this occasion.

JOHN A. BUSH, PEORIA.

GEN. JNO. C. SMITH :

Your very kind greeting and invitation to attend a reception in honor of Col. George Hicks and the battle of Peach Tree Creek I herewith acknowledge the reception of, and consider the honor of receiving an invitation from one whom I always considered one of my truest friends an honor of no little value. It causes the spring of my heart to open afresh, and let the happy thoughts flow from it and to think that this world is not without its golden lights. However much I should like to meet with you and your friend Col. Hicks, and those who so bravely followed your command, my health will not allow me that pleasure.

COMRADE HERST C. GANN, WARREN, ILL.

DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. "MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT":

If I can be with you July 20, '93, at the anniversary, I shall only be too happy.

Many thanks for your kind invitation.

It is entirely uncertain as to my presence.

I remember Col. Hicks very well, would be glad to see him.

Please convey to him my regards if I fail to be there.

From what I hear, I judge Co.'s "H" and "K" will be well represented at roll-call at 65 Sibley street the evening of July 20.

JOHN E. BELL AND WIFE, CINCINNATI.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Just home from Virginia Hot Springs, and find your generous invite to be present July 20th, for which accept thanks with the assurance that it would to me be a source of pleasure to accept, etc., etc.: however, it must be regretfully declined—afflicted with rheumatism, etc., etc. With hopes for your enjoyment and the enjoyment of the old soldiers, and that you may live to perpetuate your annual reunions, at which time they will recount their trials and pleasures and their final triumphs for the right, is the wish of yours in friendship.

COMRADE GUS WILLIAMS, DRUMMER BOY, 84TH INDIANA, NEW
YORK.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

Arrived home yesterday and found your letter awaiting me. The fault with the mails? Yes and no. The fault was with the males. Will tell you all about it when I see you. I am sorry I was not at the reunion, but let me know next year, and if I am in the land of the living I will be there, even if I have to walk.

HON. JOSEPH A. LOCKE, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

Your courteous invitation to attend the reunion of the Second Brigade, to be holden at your hospitable home on the evening of July 20th, was received.

Mrs. Locke and I both wish we could have accepted the invitation, and met you and the honored members of your brigade. We only hope that the "halo of glory" resting upon your heads, and the noble sons of Illinois who participated in the glorious struggle to save this country a nation, may ever grow broader while life lasts, and then may you all receive a crown of rejoicing from the great "I Am." I only wish I was eligible as a member of the Grand Army, but I honor with sincere veneration all who entered into the conflict for the preservation of our country.

Mrs. Smith may well feel prond of the unique position she holds, sharing with you the hardships of the tented field. She was oftentimes weighed down with anxiety when you and those engaged in actual conflict were buoyed up by the excitement of the moment. Her's indeed was the harder position, and the honor should rest upon her equally with those who bore our flag to victory.

MRS. GEN. THOMAS E. CHAMPION, 3515 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO.

DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

Am very sorry I cannot accept your invitation for the 20th to meet members of my husband's old command. It would afford me much pleasure. I have been under the doctor's care for about three months, and he prohibits me from walking or being on my feet much for some time to come. My eldest son, Charles, is very desirous of meeting old friends of his father, and will try and be with you.

Thanking you for the courtesy, I am very truly,

MRS. COL. ISAAC L. CLARKE, GRAFTON, VERMONT.

GEN. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

I am in receipt of your kind invitation to the reception and reunion of the veterans of the dear old Ninety-sixth Regiment. It would give me great pleasure to be with you and to greet the surviving comrades, but I cannot well leave home before September, when I may possibly be in Chicago. I would send a cordial remembrance to them all, especially to Colonel Hicks, Mrs. Smith and yourself. I would be glad to have my son take his father's old friends by the hand, and I shall advise him of the reception. He is now in his own office in Chicago, E. L. Clarke, 34, 119 Dearborn street.

MAJOR E. A. BLODGETT, CHICAGO.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

I am in receipt of your kind invitation for July 20th, and make haste to accept. "Me and my girl will be there." It occurred to me that if I reported promptly I might catch the rooster before Dick Thain got in the race.

LIEUT. GEORGE W. MOORE, QUARTERMASTER, ESSEX, IOWA.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to be present at another reunion of the Ninety-sixth will have to be unwillingly declined, as we are farmers, and will be in the midst of harvest, but we will be with you in mind if not in body. To say that we hope you will have a good time is putting it mildly. I know you will, and only regret that I cannot be with you in person, for I know there will be but few more like occasions, as one by one we are answering the last roll-call.

My wife joins me in sending kind regards to you and to the old comrades and their wives present, and that you may have a rousing good time is the sincere wish of one of the boys who would love to be with you.

SURGEON MOSES EVANS, SOUTH EVANSTON.

DEAR GENERAL SMITH :

Yours received. It would give me much pleasure to visit you and the mother of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, and will endeavor to put me

down as one who will be present at the reunion of the old Ninety-sixth, July 20th, '93, without fail.

Give my best respects to Comrade Colonel Hicks, and tell him it will make me ten years younger to see him once more.

DR. D. A. SHEFFIELD, APPLE RIVER.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Governor.—Replying to your kind invitation to meet the old comrades and especially Col. Hicks, of Jamaica, at your home, July 20, I am compelled to say that it will be impossible for me to be present. I have delayed writing until now in the hope that circumstances would shape themselves so I could be present, but the death of my wife has made it necessary for me to be father and mother to my half-orphaned children, and I find it impossible for me to do many things my heart prompts me to do.

I hope those who shall assemble on that occasion will enjoy a renewal of comradeship and be mutually benefited. Please bear to all of them the assurance of a comrade's regard, and to Mrs. Smith my profoundest esteem and respect.

DR. FRED. W. BYERS, MONROE, WISCONSIN.

GEN'L J. C. SMITH :

Dear Comrade.—Yours, informing me that Col. Hicks came *ashore*, is before me. Give the "schoolmaster abroad" my compound concentrated regards. N. B.—To be well shaken before taken—the *greediments*, not the patient.

Cannot report until near the 20th, as Mrs. B., Joe and daughter Grace now are taking in the White City; they can be found morning and evening at Hotel Normandie and at Wis. State building about noon, until Saturday, the 8th.

Saw Andy Johnson (Yonson), Co. H. Says: "I dink vill go ef I got a Norvigian man to do my york vile I am gone." Yours truly will answer roll-call *with one*; hope you will secure old Comrade McEvins *sure*.

Yours 96thly.

DOT LEDDLE DUTCH DOCTOR.

Don't let that *rooster out* at the bottom of the order get away; all other poultry to be safe must *roost high*.

B. F. SHEPPARD, Q. M. SERGEANT, GURNEE.

DEAR GENERAL, MOTHER AND FAMILY :

I received a very kind letter from you some time ago inviting me and my best girl to a reception at your place on the 20th of July. I have been off duty some lately and have delayed answering it until now, and as I always tried to obey orders (except on chickens and mutton), unless the sick-call sounds, I shall be there. Best girl had the misfortune to hurt her ankle last August so bad she has to go on crutches part time now, so she will not be able to be there. I think we had all ought to get together as often as we can, for it will be but a few short years or days : and then

The fife's shrill call and bugle's blast
 Shall muster us no more,
 For we'll be numbered with the past
 On the banks of the other shore.
 But when life's trials all are fought,
 And we have beat our last tattoo,
 We'll muster again on that other shore
 And meet the Boys in Blue.

Especially the Ninety-sixth.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM VINCENT, "A" COMPANY, GALENA.

COL. GEORGE HICKS :

My Dear Old Comrade.—Yours of 7th inst. is at hand. Was very glad to hear that you are well. It will be a great pleasure to me to meet you once more and talk over our old stories of army life. I have seen several of the boys that are coming over on the 20th. I will be there if all be well; we are very busy, in the midst of harvest just now.

Give my kindest regards to Gen. and Mrs. Smith, and accept the same yourself.

BEN. F. FOX, DRUMMER BOY, "A" COMPANY, FORT DODGE, IOWA.

GEN. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

I was very much pleased to receive your communication extending an invitation to a reception at your home on July 20th, in honor of Col. George Hicks, my old captain, and I assure you that nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to meet yourselves and him once more before we are mustered for the last roll-call.

Never a day passes but I think of my old Commander and his wife.

and of the times when we, the General and the youngest boy in the regiment, used to make the front file when on the march. I have been contemplating a trip to Chicago during the World's Fair, and this invitation will decide the matter in the affirmative, *and fix the time*. If nothing happens to prevent, I will be present or accounted for when the roll is called at 6 p. m. July 20th next.

OTHO J. BUCK, WESTMINSTER, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH:

With pleasure I write to you to answer your kind and generous invitation to meet you on the evening of Thursday, July 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek.

I assure you, dear General and Mrs. Smith, that I would like very much to meet you and avail myself of your kind invitation to your pleasant home. It would be one of the greatest pleasures to meet my dear old comrades of the glorious old Ninety-sixth. Business is such that I will have to decline your kind invitation. My best wishes to each of you and all comrades of the old Ninety-sixth. My heart is with you and yours. I sincerely hope that you will have a royal time. God bless you all.

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. BURNETT, WAUKEGAN.

DEAR GENERAL:

Your invitation to attend a reunion July 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, fought July 20th, 1864, is received, and you may look for me to be present to get a meal of that rooster if captured at that battle.

SERGEANT H. C. WHITNEY, TEMPLETON, CALIFORNIA.

GEN. J. C. SMITH:

Dear Friend and Comrade.—Your kind invitation to attend the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, July 20, although it is not possible for me to be with you at that time, yet it does me so much good to think I am remembered by you. I often look over the reception of Dec. 16, 1889, to see how many of the boys are able to respond either in person or by letter. I would like to meet the boys of the Ninety-sixth once more before the final muster, but every year

makes the chances less. I think the chicken at the bottom of your letter must have known the boys, and remembers them also, the way he is making tracks. He must think some of them will be there.

SERGEANT DANIEL OSMAN, FAIRMOUNT, MINNESOTA.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Old Commander and your Good Wife,—Many thanks for your kind invitation for July 20. Nothing in this whole world would please me more than to meet the old boys at your hospitable home, but I regret to say that circumstances will not permit of it.

Wishing you a most joyous occasion, with many returns of the same, and hoping that I may yet have the pleasure of grasping you by the hand before we pass to "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground."

H. J. BANGS, MULBERRY GROVE, KANSAS.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Your invitation to be present at your place on July 20th is received, and it would please me very much to be present and meet you and all the old comrades that will be there, and I will try to make arrangements to come, but it looks gloomy and I can't see my way clear at present. I trust you will all have a good time generally, and may you mark out on the festal board plans and specifications for many great reunions to follow this one now under contemplation. If I cannot be there at this reunion I hope I may be at some future reunion and have a shake of the hand of you, yours and all old comrades, and now may you all live to see many more such good times.

OLIVER C. KINGSLAND, CAMP DOUGLAS.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Comrade,—I received your kind invitation, and deeply regret that I cannot be with you, owing to my poor health and that of my family. Outside of my own, there are none I would like so well to see as you all. Give my best regards first to yourself and family, then to all the rest, telling them I hope to meet them on the "Eternal Camp Ground." Dr. Byers will tell you, if he has time, more than I can write, as he is on duty here this week, surgeon of the First Regiment Wisconsin National Guards.

CAPTAIN JOHN K. POLLOCK, COMPANY "C," MILLBURN, ILL.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to meet with the old comrades at your home Thursday evening, July 20, 1893, duly received and accepted. Count on one from here. Those I met yesterday were unanimous for attending, and there were many of them at the decoration in Waukegan.

I fear that rooster has got too much the start yet he is not safe if the Ninety-sixth gets after him.

SERGEANT JAMES M. TAYLOR, TAYLORVILLE.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

I received your kind invitation to attend a reunion of members of the Ninety-sixth at your home on the evening of July 20, to meet Col. Hicks, and have been looking forward to the time of meeting with much pleasure, anticipating a happy gathering. But you know the "best laid plans of men, as well as mice, gang aft aglee," and I find myself to-night obliged to send my regrets instead of taking the train myself. I cannot express to you my disappointment at not being able to be present. I, with every comrade, owe you and Mrs. Smith a debt of gratitude for the opportunity of meeting each other in your hospitable home. Please remember me to the "boys" who come, and with kind regards to you and Mrs. Smith, and I wish you a very happy and enjoyable reunion.

CORPORAL HARRY P. BARNUM, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

Your kind invitation to "enjoy another happy reunion," and "aid in giving a royal welcome" to Colonel Hicks received, and I am ashamed for not answering it sooner. I assure you it will give me great pleasure to be with you, but Mrs. B.'s health is so poor that she will probably not be able to go with me.

Although I "tramp" for a living, and am still a pretty good walker, I realize that I am not as long-winded as I was thirty years ago : and that chicken has the appearance of going too fast for me. But as you have got him on the run, if you will "push" him gently I will try and "get into position" to "cut off his retreat."

CAPTAIN A. Z. BLODGETT, COMPANY "D," WAUKEGAN.

GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to meet Colonel Hicks and other old comrades at your house was received, and I hesitated about accepting it—afraid of the rooster : but mother says she does not think it will bite, and that we should accept. She says she won't wear any *red* in her bonnet. So if everything is favorable we will be on hand. Many thanks for the invitation.

LIEUT. JERRY H. LINKLATER, CHICAGO.

MY DEAR GENERAL :

I received your kind invitation to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek at the headquarters of the Ninety-sixth Illinois Volunteers, No. 65 Sibley street, on Thursday, July 20, 1893, and return you my heartfelt thanks for the same. I shall endeavor to be in line at roll call on that occasion with my "best girl," and will be much gratified to meet our brave and honored comrade, Colonel George Hicks.

The illustration at the bottom of your circular is a happy reminder of by-gone days. I suppose that chick is trying to get away from some Ninety-sixth forager, but he might as well sit down ; his days are numbered, and his doom is sealed.

I hope to see a large gathering of the "old boys" this year. We will not have the pleasure of a great many more reunions, and this time we shall all enjoy a jolly good time at headquarters.

CORPORAL JOHN C. THOMPSON, MIDDLEBURG, CLAY CO., FLORIDA.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MOTHER OF REGIMENT :

It grieves me very much that I cannot grasp the hand of one I followed in battle and one who is well-named the Mother of the Regiment, but I assure you that it is my infirmities alone that keep me back. It would be one of the greatest joys I ever expect to have to be with you all. Please have your Secretary state that John C. Thompson is there in heart.

I. M. DOUGLAS, LAKE VILLA.

DEAR GENERAL :

Your kind invitation and rooster arrived all O. K. Must say the

rooster looks as though he had been on short rations. I think he is one that escaped the Ninety-sixth in Kentucky when after John Morgan one day in the rain and back the next night in the old camp. But, nevertheless, we thank you and yours for the kind invitation, and if all is well July 20 you can order *ox-tail soup* for two.

R. S. THAIN, OAK PARK.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Commander and "Mother",—Mrs. Thain and myself accept with thanks your kind invitation to be present at your home on the evening of July 20th next, to participate in another "Reunion" with our "Old Commander" and "the Mother of the Regiment," and also to meet our beloved Colonel Hicks. We anticipate a great deal of pleasure, and again thank you for the invitation. We congratulate you on your crest—the rooster rampant.

CAPTAIN J. P. BLACK, COMPANY "E."

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

I am in receipt of your valued invitation to meet the comrades of the old Ninety-sixth, and regret that it will be impossible for me to attend, as business will compel me to be in the State of Washington at that time. I would indeed be glad to meet the members of the old regiment for what will be the last time for many of us, and especially do I want to see Col. Hicks.

CAPTAIN WM. F. TAYLOR, CHICAGO.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to my good wife and myself to again meet the dear old comrades of the Ninety-sixth at your home is received. It gives us great pleasure to accept the kind invitation, and assure you that nothing but sickness or death will prevent us from availing ourselves of the opportunity of looking into the faces and pressing the hands of our comrades.

P. S.—Is the chicken represented by the picture on the invitation a descendant of those Rossville chickens?

LIEUT. E. P. TODD, CHERRYVALE, KANSAS.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Commander,—Your kind invitation to be present on the evening of July 20th has been thankfully received. It would give us great pleasure to do so, and although it is the wrong time of the year for Southern farmers to leave their business, as it is about the close of oat harvest and the beginning of stacking, still we will try to answer to roll call.

CORPORAL JOHN GRABHAM, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

DEAR COMMANDER :

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grabham accept with pleasure your very kind invitation to be present at the reception tendered by you to your old regiment, the Ninety-sixth Illinois Volunteers, at your home, 65 Sibley street, Chicago, July 20th. We are on our way East and will be present.

JOHN A. BUSH, APPLE RIVER.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

There is nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet with you and the Mother of the Regiment and Comrade Hicks, but shall have to beg to be excused. Please give my best regards to Colonel Hicks.

FRANKLIN W. PIERCE, COMPANY "F," ELIZABETH.

DEAR GENERAL AND MRS. SMITH :

Your very kind invitation to meet Col. Hicks at your headquarters, July 20, makes me happy. Some of the boys from Jo Daviess and myself will be present for roll call and any duty assigned us, even to catching that chicken.

CHARLES G. LUTTMAN, NEENAH, WIS.

GEN'L AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation for July 20, '93, and, providence permitting, I shall endeavor to avail myself of the pleasure of meeting you all once more. I have made several efforts to meet you, General, but always failed to make proper connection. Trust I shall be permitted to see you this time.

GEORGE PULHAM, WYKOFF, MINN.

GEN'L J. C. SMITH :

Dear Comrade.—Your kind invitation received a short time ago, and since I received the same I have been very ill, but am able to get around. Shall endeavor to be with you and yours, if no preventing providence ; if I don't, *remember me kindly to all the old boys*.

CAPTAIN B. G. BLOWNEY, COMPANY "G," WAUKEGAN.

DEAR GENERAL :

The kind invitation of yourself and Mrs. Smith is received, reminding me that few are the years left us for reunions before we take our place on "Fame's eternal camping ground," for "the boys" are steadily dropping out by the way, reminding us that "Nightly we pitch our tents a day's march nearer home."

I know of no reason to prevent my meeting with you, Mrs. Smith, Col. Hicks and many of the old comrades on the evening of the 20th.

LIEUT. JAMES O. HAVENS, GLIDDEN, IOWA.

DEAR GEN'L AND MRS. SMITH :

Received your kind invitation for 20th in good time and am very much obliged. I have delayed answering in hopes I could write you something definite, but am uncertain as yet ; still in hopes I can come. Seems as though I must, but am alone to do my work, and can't do as much as I would like to. Perhaps I will find it impossible to get away, but shall make a supreme effort.

CORPORAL J. A. MASON, PRAIRIE VIEW.

GEN. J. C. AND MOTHER SMITH :

I received your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the "boys" of the Ninety-sixth on the anniversary of Peach Tree Creek (how well I remember the day, notwithstanding twenty-nine years have been added to my age since that event).

It will afford me and Mrs. M. the greatest of pleasure to be present on that occasion and greet my old comrades, and nothing but the direst calamity or sickness will prevent.

Say, ain't that rooster a stunner ? If he keeps that gait he will be

all right ; but if he ever halts or turns back he is lost—the “boys will get him, sure.

CORPORAL JARED O. BLODGETT, DUNCAN, NEBRASKA.

COMRADE J. C. SMITH :

I am in receipt of your letter of May 26, requesting the presence of myself and wife to a reception at your place. Notwithstanding the pleasure it would afford me to be with you on that occasion, circumstances will not permit of my being there at that time of year.

EDWIN DRURY, WILMETTE, COOK CO.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Your kind invitation to the “Assembly” and “Retreat,” on the evening of Thursday, July 20, 1893, came to hand in due time, and was at once and most gladly accepted by myself and “best girl.”

The anticipation of meeting our brave, good comrade, Colonel George Hicks, once more on this side of “Fame’s eternal camping ground,” is a most delightful one.

As we draw near unto “life eternal,” the blessed memory of the comrade, living or dead, who stood “shoulder to shoulder” with us under the “dear old flag” in the days of our early manhood and in defense of our beloved country, become more and more sacred and ennobling.

Excuse me for the neglect in accepting your kind invitation sooner, and believe me to be, yours in sincerity and truth, one of the humblest of “your following,” in “those days that tried men’s souls.”

CAPTAIN JOSEPH L. PIERCE, COMPANY “H,” MT. VERNON, WIS.

MY DEAR GEN. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

How I would like to be with you on the 20th, and meet Col. Hicks and other old comrades. I regret that I am too busy to go, more than I can tell you, because there is a feeling that it will be the last chance of meeting many of the old comrades. I have delayed writing in hopes that I could get away. We are now in the midst of haying ; there is hay to the right, hay to the left, hay to the front, and if I should go there would be hay in the rear. Please give my best wishes to Col. Hicks and all the comrades present, and tell them how sorry I am that

I cannot meet them. I'll try hard to spend a couple of weeks in Chicago in September.

SERGEANT C. J. REES, BURLINGTON JUNCTION, MO.

DEAR COMRADE :

It is with regret that I write that I cannot be with you at the reunion on the 20th of July, 1893. I had intended to be there, and did not give it up till to-day; but there is sickness in my family of such a nature that I can not leave. I am a good deal disappointed this time in not being at this reunion, for as soon as I read your kind invitation I fully decided to go; but so it was at the unveiling of the Grant statue in Galena. I expected to be there but was disappointed then. I feel that there will be many at your place I would like to see very much whom I will never see again on this earth. I have not seen but few of the boys since we separated in Chicago in 1865. I sometimes see Capt. Townsend. He is the same good, jolly fellow as of old. I have seen Frank Carver several times, but not lately. Frank has grown old, more perhaps than some others, while we are all on the decline. I wish to be remembered to Mother Smith.

THEO. (BY MRS.) PETTIBONE, WARREN.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Your very kind and cordial invitation received to be present at the celebration of the battle of Peach Tree Creek, and we both regret very much that we cannot be present on that occasion. We have none of those excuses to offer that were given in the olden time. We have not bought a piece of land or a yoke of oxen. Neither has Mr. Pettibone taken a new wife, for he has the same wife he left at home when he went "to wah"; but the real truth is we can't afford the expense. I hope you will have a pleasant reunion and a joyous time.

LIEUT. GEORGE MARSHALL, COMPANY "I," STORM LAKE, IOWA.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

I expected to have been with you the 20th (to-morrow), but find it impossible. I regret it very much, as I realize that we are getting fewer in number, and it will not be but a few years at the longest that we can meet together. I know that Iowa will be well represented (not misrepresented) by one that is good on a swap when it comes to mak-

ing statements as to what the Ninety-sixth done in putting down the rebellion. I refer to Ben Fox, of Co. "A." You will find Ben a square boy (about as broad as he is tall). Wishing you a happy reunion and a good time generally I remain yours.

SERGEANT W. C. WOOLSEY, MAYOR OF BATAVIA, NEW YORK.

GENERAL J. C. SMITH :

Dear Comrade,—I was in hopes to have been able to be with you on the 20th, but will have to give it up. My wife has been sick since last March with inflammatory rheumatism, and is so lame and helpless I cannot leave her. Please remember me to all the comrades present. I do not think of anything that would give me more pleasure than to join with you on this anniversary or reunion of the old Ninety-sixth.

CHARLES R. TIPPETT, SCALES MOUND.

DEAR GENERAL :

Received the invitation, from yourself and your much respected wife, to the reception to be given at your home on the 20th inst., and in reply will say nothing could give me more pleasure than to meet with my brave General and his wife and the boys of the Ninety-sixth, but I cannot say for certain that I will be there. However, I will come if I can make it convenient to do so. I sincerely hope you will have a good time all together, and if I do not come give my best respects to all present. My kindest regards to yourself and wife, and best wishes for your future health and prosperity.

REV. JOHN E. EVANS, STOCKTON.

GEN. J. C. SMITH :

Dear General and Comrade,—Having received your invitation to attend a reunion of the comrades of the glorious old Ninety-sixth at your home in the city of Chicago, I feel very much disappointed because it will be impossible for me to attend. It would be *very* desirable for me to be with you and to meet our beloved comrade, Col. Geo. Hicks. I write this so that although I will not be able to answer to roll-call, I want to be "accounted for." From the "cut" on the margin of your letter of invitation I *know* that you will have a good time.

I tender to you and Mrs. Smith my sincere thanks for the kind invitation, and pray that the Lord may spare your lives for *many* years to come. God bless all the "boys" of the old Ninety-sixth. Please remember me very kindly to Col. Hicks.

MAT. WHITE, MASON, WISCONSIN.

GEN. JOHN C. SMITH :

Dear General,—Your invitation received, and in reply to it would say that nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet with yourself and wife and the surviving comrades who may be present on that occasion, for there are not many more years left for us to meet; the dear old comrades are dropping off fast, and when I think of the dear old boys the tears almost start in my eyes.

Have you sent an invitation to Comrade David Young, or do you know his address? For fear you do not, I will give it to you: David Young, Virginia, Minnesota.

I had the pleasure of having Dave spend the night with me in January last. Dave is hale and hearty yet, and if he should go, him and I could come together as this would be his route. I am not in Barronett now, I am seventeen miles from Ashland, am scaler for the White River Lumber Co.; do not draw any pension as yet: made application two years ago, but seems that it is an up-hill business to get one.

Will close, hoping that all surviving comrades may be at roll-call and have a rousing good old time.

With the kindest regards to you and wife.

LIEUT. GEORGE W. PEPOON, "K" COMPANY, WARREN.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Health permitting, I expect to be with you on the 20th inst.

CHARLIE SMITH, SALEM, NEBRASKA.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Dear Comrade,—It is with a sad heart and many regrets I am compelled to say that I cannot be with you on July 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Peach Tree Creek.

Mrs. Smith is very feeble indeed; could not stand such a journey

as that, as much as we would love to visit you ; we shall always cherish the memory of you and your esteemed wife and be with you in heart on that occasion. -

May God bless you all is the wish of your comrade.

THOMAS MORGAN, ANTIOCH, CALIFORNIA.

GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMITH :

Kind Friends.—Your note received : glad to hear from you again. It would be a great pleasure to me to clasp hands with the boys that once belonged to the grand old Ninety-sixth: many have passed over the river and it won't be long till we have answered the last roll-call. It will be impossible for me to come. If I had got my pension I certainly would have come, but I was not one of the lucky ones. My regards to all the comrades, and you and wife accept the same.

SERGEANT CHRIS. C. COWEN, ST. LOUIS.

DEAR GENERAL :

I regret very much to say that present indications are that I can not be present to enjoy your hospitality on the eve of the 20th.

THEO. W. PEPOON, TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA.

Dear Comrade.—The kind invitation of yourself and Mrs. Smith to be with you the evening of July 20th is received. I will try hard to be there with one of my best girls. I have several. I may possibly fail to get there, but to be on the safe side a few extra pounds of pork and beans had better be drawn. Unless the boys' appetites have changed wonderfully since I saw them last, there will be no danger of any eatables spoiling on your hands.

Don't let the chicken get away.

HARMON S. DEAN, IRONTON, WISCONSIN.

GEN. AND MRS SMITH :

I am sorry to inform you that I cannot be present on account of sickness of my brother-in-law and sister-in-law. Would be glad to be with you and celebrate one of the great battles of the Atlanta campaign.

To you, General, and Mrs. Smith, the mother of the regiment, I send my thanks for your kind invitation.

Many letters have been received since the reception, telling how the "boys" and their "best girls" enjoyed themselves. We submit one from General A. L. Chetlain, and the other from Comrade George Teal, written by *his* "best girl." Each expresses the sentiments of the many we hear from, and we rejoice that so many were made happy.

GENERAL A. L. CHETLAIN, 536 N. STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I write to say that I enjoyed the hour last evening under your hospitable roof more than I can express. I did not see you or your good wife to say this before leaving. I congratulate you on the marked success of last evening's reunion of your old comrades. Every one I met seemed happy or joyful. God bless you for being the means of so much genuine enjoyment to others. My warm regards to Mrs. Smith and to your dear daughter.

MRS. GEO. TEAL, LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA.

GEN. AND MRS. J. C. SMITH:

Dear Comrade and Wife.—We were at your house the night of the reception, and were never at a meeting of the soldiers that we were so well pleased. There could not have been a nicer gathering, and though they were nearly all as strangers to me, I never enjoyed myself any better, but I could see that Old Time had laid his fingers on the General since I saw him in St. Louis five or six years ago, so that he looks much older. I was well pleased with your Jamaica guests.

Capt. Taylor does not look much older than when we saw him at his residence four years ago. I will send you our photos; you will see that George's is good but mine is not; the part in my hair is not good, being too wide. Give my love to all your folks.

FROM THE PRESS, AUGUST 30, 1893.

DINNER TO THE HERO OF FRANKLIN.

Major-General David S. Stanley and daughter Blanche were entertained yesterday at General J. C. Smith's residence, and a nice little dinner party given in his honor brought together several comrades of many battlefields. General Stanley was the commander of the Fourth Army Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and was in command of all the troops on the field at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30th, 1864. When the center of the Federal army, on the Columbia pike, was broken by the fierce assault of Cleburne, it was General Stanley who, grasping Opdyke's brigade, hurled it upon the advancing columns and caused their repulse. The battle was Stanley's, and though severely wounded he remained upon the field and in command until victory perched upon his banners.

Among the guests present at General Smith's to do honor to the brave commander were :

General and Mrs. J. C. Smith ; Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Oughton, of Kingston, Jamaica, W. I. ; Major E. A. Blodgett, city ; Hon. C. A. Partridge, Mayor of Waukegan ; Major B. G. Blowney, Major George H. Burnett, Captain Asiel Z. Blodgett, of Waukegan ; Henry H. Gage, city ; Miss Ruth A. Smith, city, and Miss Gertrude K. Wood, of Newport, Ky.

As the the last form goes to press we are sadly reminded of the force of the first sentence in our invitation to the Reunion, an account of which we are now writing, that its memories may be preserved. In that invitation we say: "Few are the years which remain for you and your old Commander before we must take our place on 'Fame's eternal camping ground.' " Since that Reunion information reaches us of the death of our old ambulance driver, Morancy Putnam, of "K" Company, date 1893, place not named, and Henry Darby, private, "G" Company, December 20, 1893, at Libertyville, Illinois.

Simon Griburg (Kreitsburg), "E" Company, November, 1893, at Schappsville, Illinois.

Still another comrade has crossed the dark river and this time it is "Charlie" Earle. Charles W. Earle was a First Lieutenant of "C" Company and breveted Captain for gallantry on the recommendation of General Smith. We stop the press to include this sad news and add to our report what the daily newspapers have to say of our dear deceased comrade Earle.

"So ready to do and to dare
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand.
For though as the mountains high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm—
One more river to cross."

DR. C. W. EARLE DEAD.

THE NOTED PHYSICIAN PASSES AWAY AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS—
HIS FAMOUS WAR RECORD—IN COMMAND OF A COMPANY
WHEN ONLY EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD—FOR MANY
YEARS KNOWN IN CHICAGO AS A PRO-
FESSOR IN THE MEDICAL
COLLEGES.

Dr. Charles Warrington Earle, president of the Board of Directors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, president of the Women's Medical College and one of the most prominent of Chicago's physicians, died yesterday afternoon, Nov. 19, at 2 o'clock, after an illness of nearly four weeks. His death resulted from cerebro-spinal meningitis, and occurred at his residence, No. 535 Washington boulevard. Doctor Earle's demise had been expected for more than a week, as the malady which caused his death resisted all the skill that medical aid could bring to the sick man's assistance. His end was peaceful, and came while he was surrounded by all the members of his family. Saturday evening about 5 o'clock he spoke for the last time, recognizing his wife and calling her by name. Shortly after he became unconscious and continued so until the end came.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Charles Warrington Earle was born in Westford, Vt., April 2, 1845, his parents being Moses L. and Nancy Earle. In 1854 his father came to Illinois, settling on a farm in the township of Fremont, Lake county, where the boy remained until the war of the rebellion. He made the best of his opportunities in the district and select schools, and was well advanced with his studies when work in this line was interrupted by the call of his country for volunteers. After a few months of military service he again resumed his studies, attending the high school at Burlington, Wis., for two terms. Then came three years of army life, following which, in September, 1865, he entered Beloit College. There he made rapid progress, doing two years' work in one. In boyhood he had determined to enter the medical profession, and so after three years at Beloit he matriculated in Chicago Medical College, taking his degree in 1870.

CAREER IN THE ARMY.

His army life was a remarkable one in many respects. Only sixteen years of age the April Sumter was fired on, he at once enlisted in

Company I, Fifteenth Illinois Infantry, his regiment serving under General Fremont in Missouri. After six months he met with an accident while assisting in unloading a transport on the Missouri river, and was discharged for disability. Returning home he attended the high school at Burlington, Wis., for two terms, and then enlisted in Company C, Ninety-sixth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, being made first sergeant at the organization of his company. Before reaching his eighteenth birthday he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant, and in this capacity commanded his company at the battle of Chickamauga, where out of forty-five men thirty-five were either killed or wounded. Official reports of the battle made special mention of his bravery, and a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* spoke of him as the "lion-hearted boy lieutenant." Two days afterward, when the army retreated into Chattanooga, by some mischance his company, with one other of his regiment, was left on Mission Ridge and captured. Of the fourteen men captured with him, nine died in prison.

Lieutenant Earle escaped from Libby Prison through the famous tunnel, and after a week of wandering in the Virginia woods, where he suffered extremely from cold, hunger and fatigue, he reached the Union lines near Williamsburg. Returning to his command he was promoted to first lieutenant, and commanded a company much of the time during the Atlanta campaign. He was then detailed on the staff of General Whittaker, serving as aid-de-camp and acting inspector-general through the subsequent campaigns of the Fourth Corps, being breveted captain, and repeatedly mentioned for heroic conduct in battle. When but twenty years old he returned home, the war being over.

Doctor Earle was married in 1871 to Miss Fannie L. Bundy, sister of Major Bundy, of the *New York Evening Mail and Express*. He leaves a widow and two children, Carrie and William B.



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